April 27, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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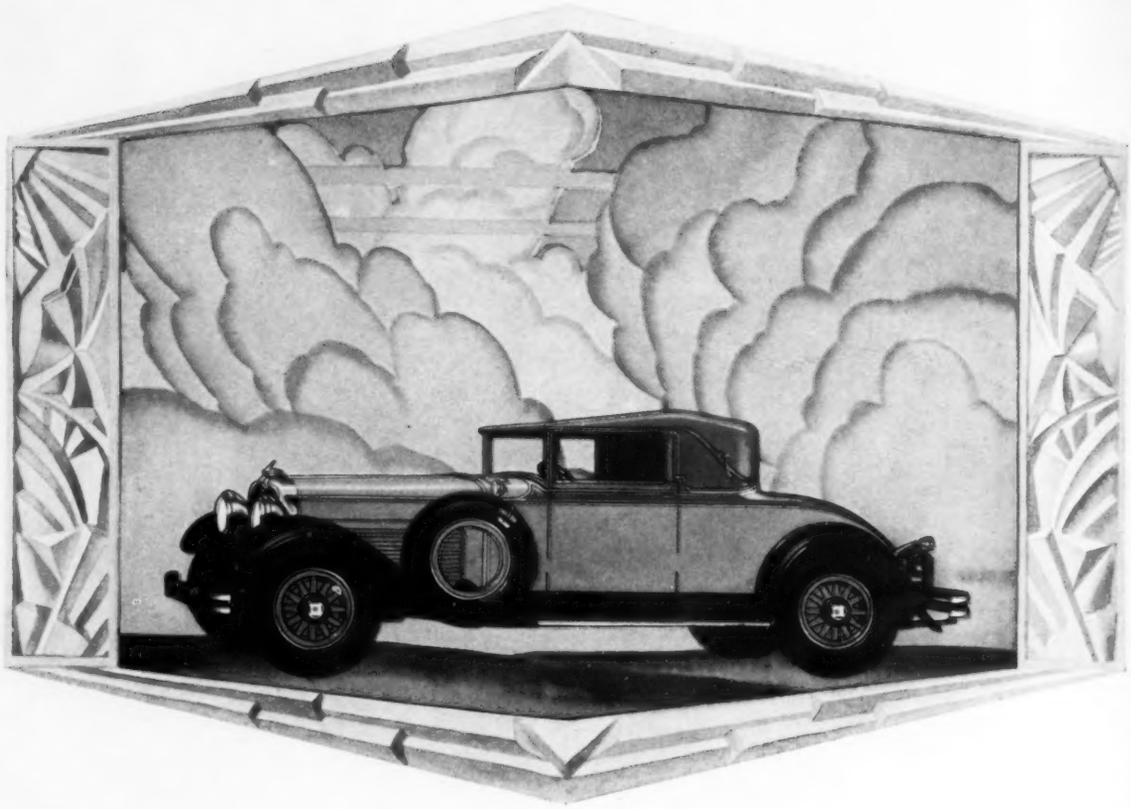

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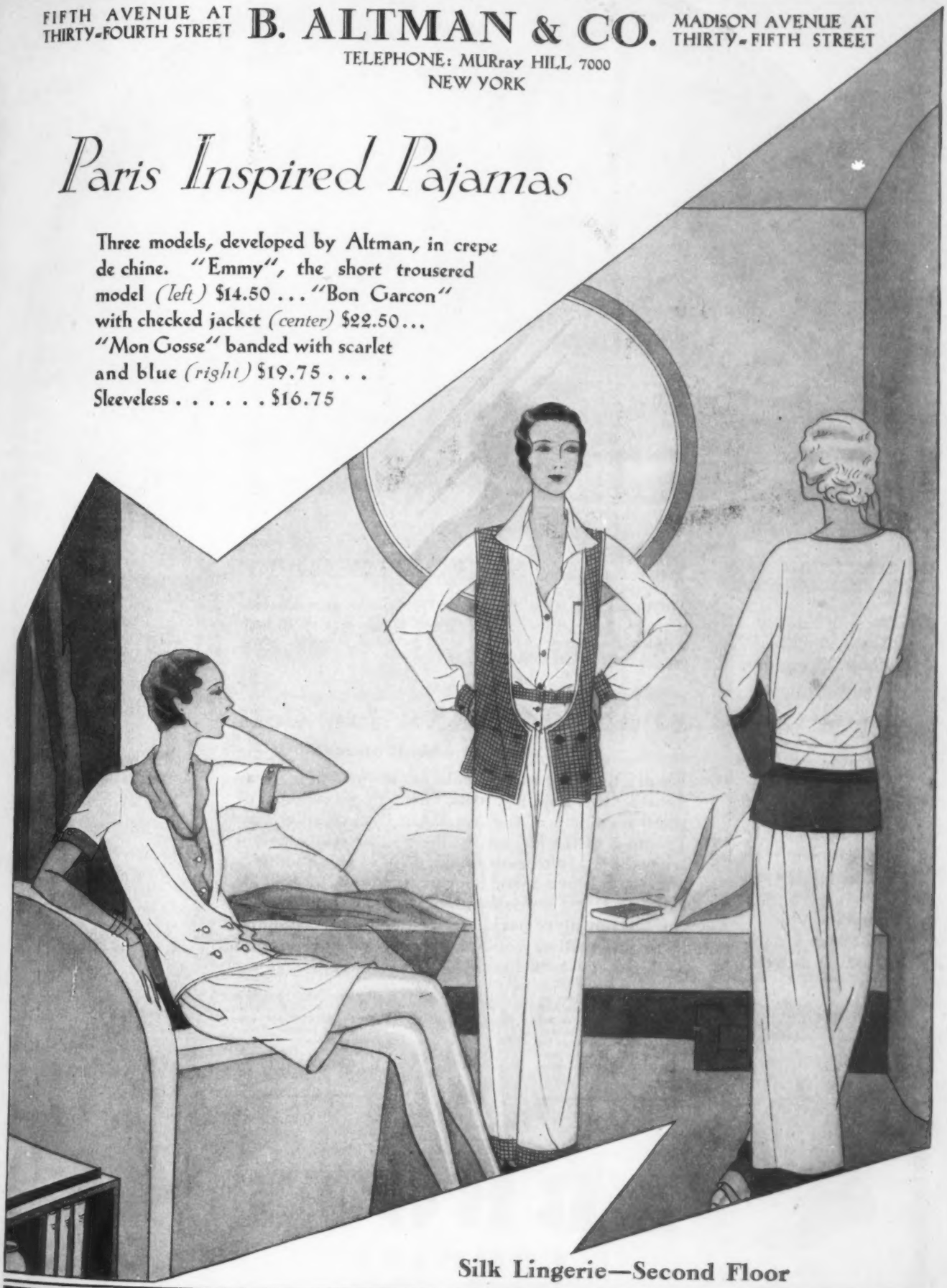

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 10, April 27, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

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A LARGE collection of very lovely leather handbags priced at $6.94 is contentedly awaiting your inspection in New York's largest store... Here is a hint as to what store that is, if you haven't already scored 100% in this metropolitan intelligence test:

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We give no credit. We give no discounts to a favored few.

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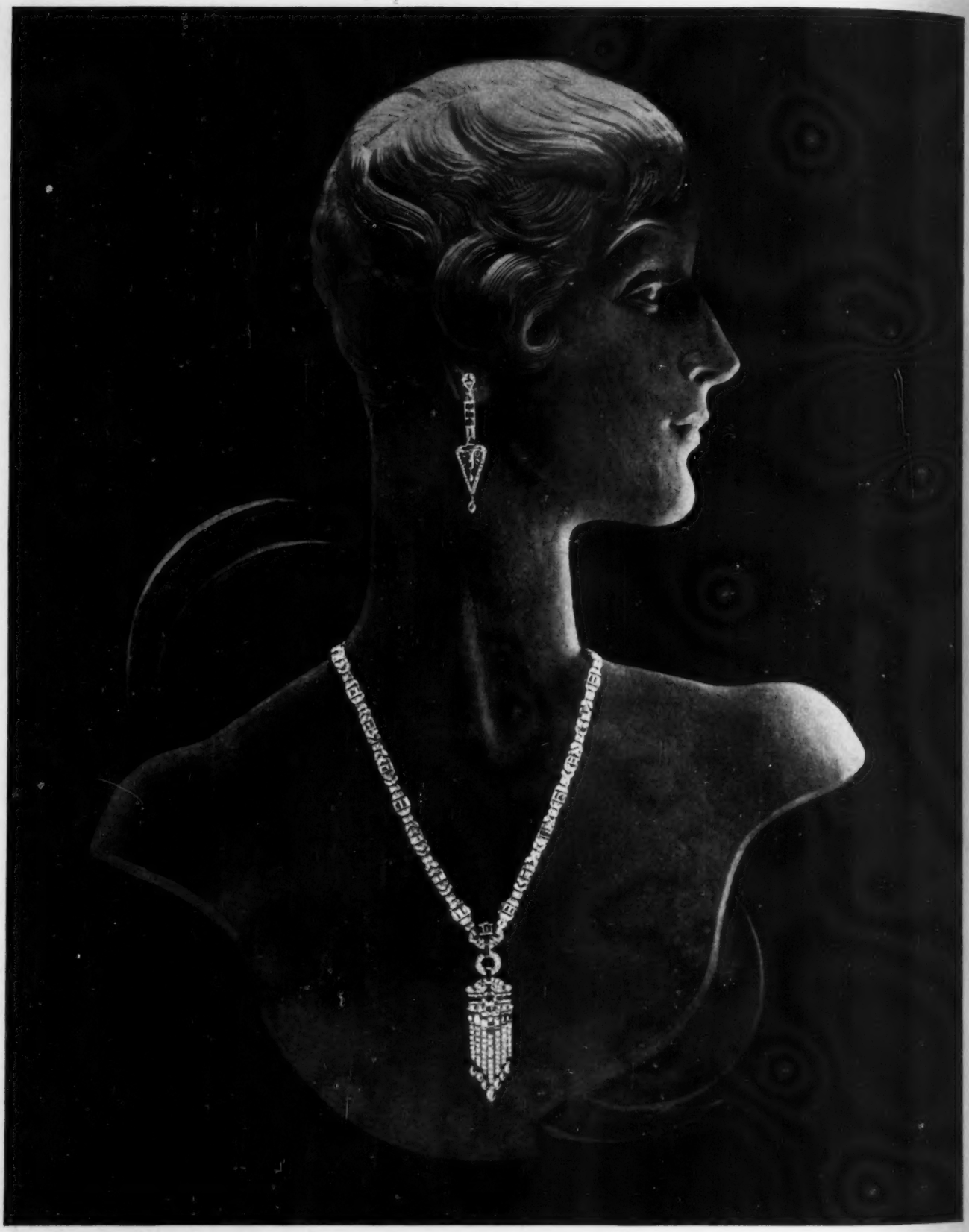

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Your shop features Kayser Silk Hosiery [illegible]

GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Katharine Cornell in an elaborate dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel which has more charm than speed. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants, finely played by an English cast. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an insignificant Cinderella play, but does it beautifully. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CAPRICE—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne lend an irresistible brilliance to a slight Viennese comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Last two days of Walter Hampden's successful revival of Rostand's play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M. Closes Sat., Apr. 27.)

HARLEM—A gangster melodrama set in the most melodramatic spot on earth. Colored cast. (Apollo, 42, W. Moves to Times Square, 42, W., Mon., Apr. 29.)

HOLIDAY—Philip Barry's sparkling comedy about the depressingly rich. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JONESY—The joys of having a son home from college made into a pleasant farce. (Bijou, 45, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

KIBITZER—The farce of a know-it-all forced by fate to know a little something and act upon it. With Edward G. Robinson. (Royale, 45, W.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:45 P.M.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—Charming comedy in which a father runs away with his baby. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE LOVE DUEL—Miss Barrymore gleams through a weepy comedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

MAN'S ESTATE—A pair of young provincial lovers stumble upon the problem of marriage in a fairly interesting Guild play with Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore. (Biltmore, 47, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH—Mrs. Fiske's indefatigable comedy turns a slight and dated play into uproarious entertainment. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 2:25 and 8:25 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's nine-act study of love and neuroses, played by a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed in a fine play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

BLACKBIRDS—Bill Robinson's practically perfect tap dancing in a good colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

FIORETTA—Rococo romance in an Earl Carroll eighteenth-century Venice—comedy by Leon Errol. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

LADY FINGERS—A pleasant show made from an Owen Davis farce. (Liberty, 42, W.)

MUSIC IN MAY—The latest prince-and-village-maid idyll; tuneful music well sung. (Casino, B'way at 39.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W. Extra Mat. Fri., Apr. 26.)

PLEASURE BOUND—A revue that isn't good-looking, but makes up for it by being amusing. With Phil Baker. (Majestic, 44. W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf as a gentleman adventurer of the Richelieu period. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Last season's musical epic enters its final week on Broadway. Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan are still in it, and the score is Jerome Kern's best. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs. Closes Sat., May 4.)

SPRING IS HERE—Fatherly interference with young love makes a charming book, and Richard Rodgers supplies the score. (Alvin, 52, W.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production; Eddie Cantor furnishing the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42. W.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Last performances of an extraordinary one-woman show. (Comedy, 41, E. Fri. and Sat. Mats., Apr. 26 and 27, at 2:50; Sun. Eve., Apr. 28, at 8:50, closing performance.)

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas, produced in the spirit of the palmy days, can be seen at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . "The Black Crook," the grandparent of the modern revue, is being revived at the Lyric, 39 Hudson St. (Hoboken 5733). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is near both theatres. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

BOWERY—"Under the Gaslight," the Hoboken idea in the Bowery with a worse play and a noisier audience. (People's, 201 Bowery at Spring St. Extra performance Thurs. at midnight.)

VAUDEVILLE—The Marx Brothers will be at the Palace, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 26 and 27; James Barton will open an engagement there on Sun., Apr. 28. Performances at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

FREIBURG PASSION PLAYERS—Open Mon., Apr. 29. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—An intimate revue. Opens Mon., Apr. 29. (Music Box, 45, W.)

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES—The annual revue, with Albert Carroll and Dorothy Sands. Opens Wed., May 1. (Booth, 45, W.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 4]

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Fannie Brice, as funny as ever; also Chick Endor and good music.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd; dancing by Murphy and Johnson.*

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—George Olsen and his band.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Dickerman decorations, good food, and Eddie Davis' orchestra. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Ziegfeld entertainment, with Paul Whiteman's band. Closes Sat., Apr. 27.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Opens for the season Wed. Eve., May 1; Vincent Lopez music. The Seaglade will be open through Tues., Apr. 30 only. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's band.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many more: Casanova, 151 W. 54, has a good show; The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, has Clayton, Jackson, and Durante to recommend it; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where Jack White is amusing.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

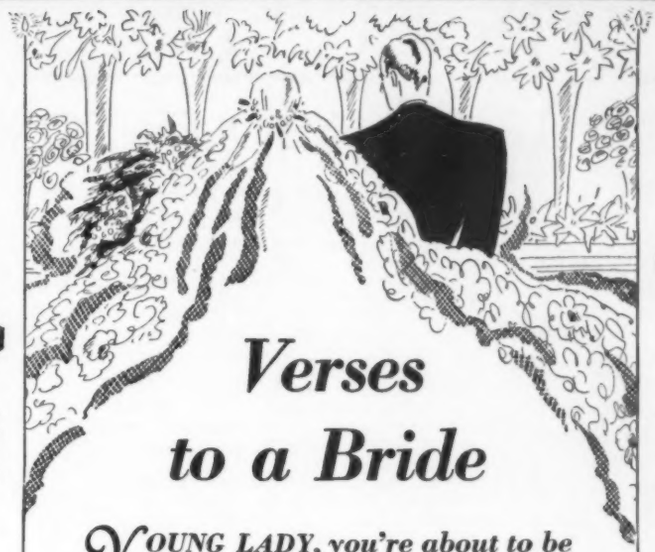
HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142, are among the better

(Continued on page 8)

These pensive golden maidens bending to gather shells are mounted on black marble and serve to guard your books. $17 the pair.

Belgium crystal in red, green or blue with an old English cut design in clear crystal. Goblets and sherbets, $35 a dozen. Cocktail glasses, $30 a dozen. Finger bowls and plates, each $40 a dozen.

A stunning two-light modernistic lamp of Belgium gray crackled ware decorated in red, green and black with a Rodier print georgette shade. 22 inches high, $75 complete.



Verses to a Bride

YOUNG LADY, you're about to be
Withdrawn from circulation
Which is the reason you receive
This flattering ovation.

When you assume your new estate
You speedily will find
That man, the noun, is singular
And singular his kind.

Wherefore I send this gift to swell
Your nuptial celebrations;
A name, an address, and a word
With my congratulations.

The gentle art of "husbandry"
Consists in making home
A spot so gay and cosy
No spouse could yearn to roam.

Neglect your music or your bridge
But not your tableware
Remember cushions, shaded lights,
And ashtrays everywhere.

From Ovington's the answers come
To wifely tribulations
At prices that contribute to
The gaiety of nations.

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"Gifts from all over the World"

FIFTH AVENUE AT 39th STREET
NEW YORK

A china service that fairly prattles of Summer and the countryside. Gayly colored blossoms bloom on an ivory body and are fenced in by an edging of gold. 103 pieces, $145. 55 pieces, $90.

The base of this unusual lamp is a piece of carved Chinese jade on a teakwood stand, mounted on gold plated bronze. With taffeta and georgette shade and carved jade finial, 18 inches high, $295 complete.

Lalique vase with the center in clear crystal and its leaf-motifed handles tinted in mellow hues. 5½ inches high. $15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 6)

places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is usually amusing, particularly Saturday nights. . . . Yar, 9 E. 54, is smart and not very Russian, with an infinitesimal dance floor.

NOTES—The Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000), is open after the theatre Saturdays only; Larry Siry's orchestra.* . . . The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900). . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham Parkway and Williamsbridge Road, opens for the season on Fri. Eve., Apr. 26, with Vincent Lopez' orchestra.

MOTION PICTURES

ALIBI—The police and the crooks combine to make this one of the speediest, best photographed and acted, all-talking pictures of the year. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45.)

THE BROADWAY MELODY—Theatrical life in a talkie considered of interest by many. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

THE CANARY MURDER CASE—The famous Van Dine mystery made into a fairly good talkie. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Apr. 27-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE DIVINE LADY—Corinne Griffith as the famous Lady Hamilton in an exceptionally well-photographed picture. Not a talkie. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—Another courtroom play; Dorothy Mackaill as the young lady who shoots to kill. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

SHOW BOAT—A long and often tedious movie, with some talking sequences. (Globe, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—A successful rendering of the popular melodrama in an all-talking picture, with Norma Shearer. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Hearts in Dixie," spirituals and Southern landscape charmingly presented in an all-negro picture; "The Iron Mask," Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture about the Three Musketeers; "Lady of the Pavements," Lupe Velez as a cabaret singer in an attractive costume picture; "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels in an intense and absorbing talking picture of Somerset Maugham's play; "The Passion of Joan of Arc," a French silent film meriting serious attention; "The Singing Fool," for the followers of Al Jolson, with successful Vitaphone.

ART

CONTEMPORARY DECORATION—Enormously successful exhibit of American decorative art: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M. . . . A home-furnishing project in the modern style by a number of present-day designers: American Designers' Gallery, 145 W. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DAUMIER—Lithographs and wood engravings by a famous Frenchman: Room 316, Public Library, 5 Ave. at 42. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DOVE—One of America's truly inspired artists painting the best stuff of a full life: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M., through Sun., Apr. 28.

FRENCH—Moderns: Derain, Matisse, etc., in a group show for the summer: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRIEDMAN—Our favorite Sunday painter with a full show: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Tues., Apr. 30.

GRAHAM—Former cavalry officer of the Czar takes American name and French method and turns out some neat abstractions: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 27.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Paintings by the masters who invented the thing we call modern: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Tues., Apr. 30.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, Europeans and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

OPPORTUNITY—Young beginners in the last show of the season: Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SALONS—Yearly show of a selected sort of independents, numbering among them the town's best: Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 4.

SOYER—One of the younger men comes into the big-time field: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., May 4.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

VICTOR CHENKIN—A remarkable artist in many languages: Lyric Theatre, 42, W. of B'way. Fri., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Apr. 26-28, at 9.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA—Sokoloff conducting, in conjunction with The Neighborhood Playhouse company of dancers and actors: Manhattan Opera House, 34, W. of 7 Ave. Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben," Griffes' "The White Peacock," and Enesco's "Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1," Fri., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Apr. 26-28, at 8:45. Bloch's "Israel," and numbers from Debussy and Borodin, Mon. and Tues. Eves., Apr. 29 and 30, at 8:45.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Spring song festival. Camilieri conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Apr. 30.

WOMEN'S UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Reynolds conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., May 1.

DOWNTOWN GLEE CLUB—Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 2.

ON THE AIR

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 4]

CABINET—William D. Mitchell, Attorney-General, will speak Fri., Apr. 26, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Walter F. Brown, Postmaster-General, will be heard Fri., May 3, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA—Leading the U. S. Marine Band, the Navy Band, and the Army Band: Sat., Apr. 27, at 8:30 P.M., over WABC.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Sat. Eves., Apr. 27 and May 4, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Baritone: Sun., Apr. 28, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

OPERA—"The Royal Vagabond," light opera: Sun., Apr. 28, at 10:15 P.M., over WJZ. . . . Verdi's "Masked Ball:" Mon., Apr. 29, at 11 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Apr. 30, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., Apr. 26 and 27; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sun., Apr. 28; Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. and Sat., May 3 and 4; games at Polo Grounds at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . Yankees vs. Washington, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 30-May 2; games at Yankee Stadium at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Tony Canzoneri vs. Sammy Dorfman, Fri. Eve., Apr. 26; Al Singer vs. Ignacio Fernandez, Fri. Eve., May 3 (preliminaries start at 8:30); Madison Square Garden.

CREW—Navy vs. Columbia, Sat. Aft., Apr. 27, at 3 P.M., Harlem River course. The race can be seen from the Harlem River Speedway, and the finish will be near the Dyckman St. end of the Speedway. (Take B'way subway to Dyckman St. Sta.) . . . Yale-Pennsylvania-Columbia Regatta, at Derby, Conn., Sat. Aft., May 4.

HORSE SHOW—Brooklyn Horse Show, Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 26 and 27, and Sat. Aft., Apr. 27: Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, Flatbush Ave. at Grand Army Plaza. (Take B'way-7 Ave. subway to Grand Army Plaza Sta.)

RACING—Jamaica track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.)

TRACK—Annual Penn. Relays, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 26 and 27. (Trains leave Penn. Sta. at 11 A.M. and 12 noon.)

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURAL EXPOSITION—Last two days of the annual show of Architecture and Allied Arts: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open 1:30 to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Apr. 27.

CHARITY CARNIVAL—"Aztec Gold," elaborate pageant and carnival for the benefit of the Judson Health Center: Madison Square Garden, Thurs. Eve., May 2.

LAMBS' GAMBOL—The annual big show: Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Eve., Apr. 28, at 8:15.

MASK AND WIG SHOW—"This Way Out!" presented by the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania: Metropolitan Opera House, Sat., Aft. and Eve., Apr. 27, at 2:15 and 8:15.

DANCE RECITAL—Anna Robenne, in a program of dances composed by Fokine: Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Apr. 28, at 8:45.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57—The famous Reifsnyder Collection of early American furniture, last two days: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 26 and 27, at 2:15. . . . Book collection of George W. Paullin: Mon. through Wed. Eves., Apr. 29-May 1, at 8:15; Tues. and Wed. Afts., Apr. 30 and May 1, at 2:15.

NOTE—Daylight Saving time starts Sun., Apr. 28, at 2 A.M. Set clocks ahead one hour.

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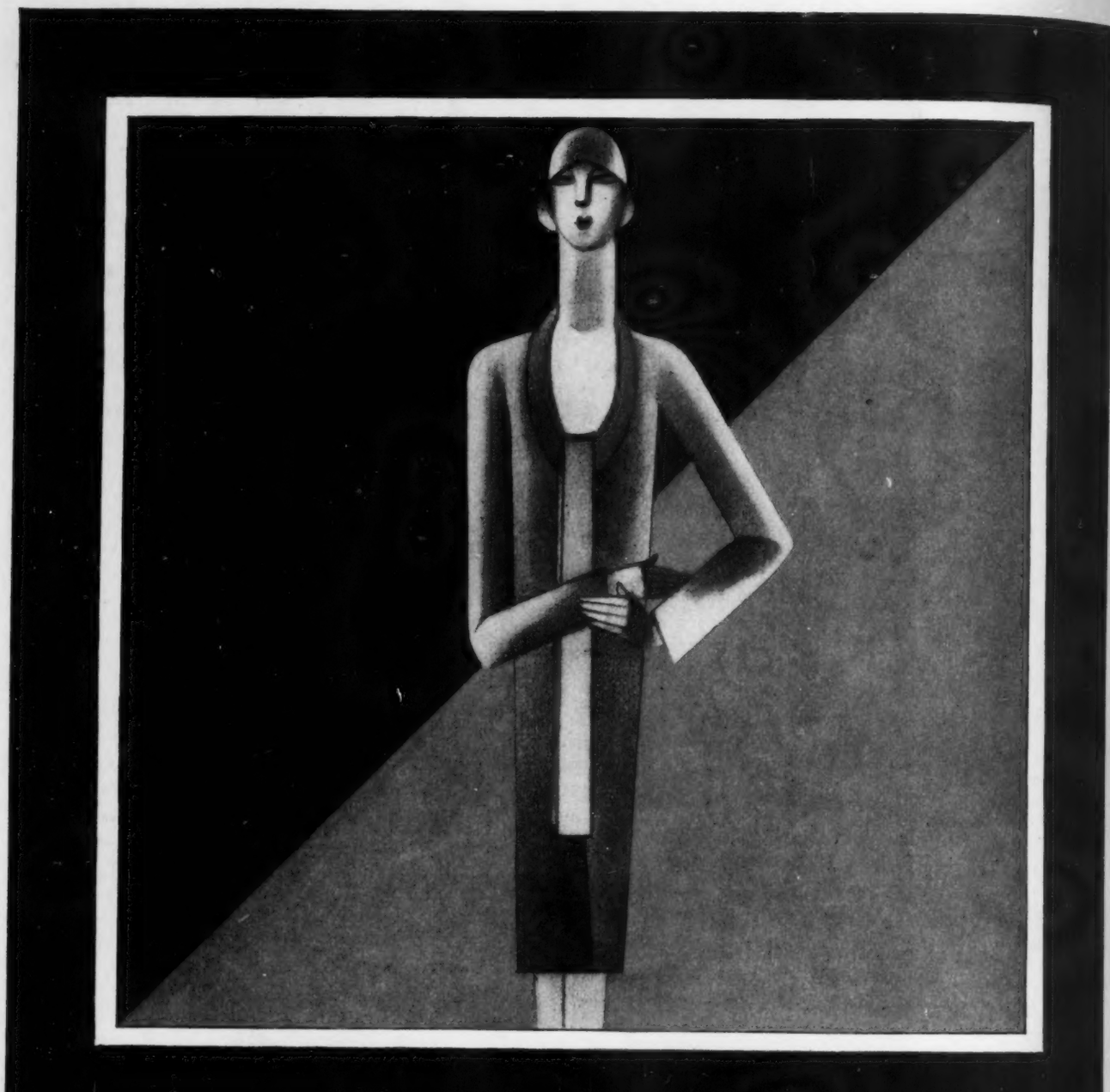

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE idea of sending débutantes to bed at three o'clock, as their mothers have suggested, is abhorrent to us. A débutante, just as the light is coming into the sky, is a fine sight indeed, lending tone to one's bacon-and-eggs and sweetness to one's matins. According to the report, the parents of these delicious girls have decided that their dances should break up earlier in the evening so they would attract young men of the right type—young businessmen who are now loath to attend late social functions for fear they might not get to the office on time the next morning. Come, come, you mothers of débutantes, isn't that a

backhanded way of dealing with the problem? Surely a respectable business house would be willing to change *its* hours, so its young employees may advance themselves socially, even if it takes all night. Let's have no more talk of sending handsome girls to bed at three o'clock. They wouldn't get to sleep anyway, the restless darlings!

BOSTON, having found Dreiser's book obscene, must be fairly full of corrupt minds, the book having been published quite a time ago and obscene literature being known to corrupt the mind. Although we sympathize with Boston in her hour of corruption, it is our opinion that the defence in the trial should have demanded that the prosecution produce at least one case of a corrupted mind as evidence. We'd like to have heard the prosecuting attorney examining the witness: "Now, Mr. Gwimby, you say you were in Boston on the afternoon of Tuesday

the twenty-sixth; in what condition was your mind?"

WE'VE just been reading about the plan to build a University City, "for cultured people," on top of the Palisades. According to the promoter's plan, only persons who can show a college diploma will be allowed to reside there. On first reading it sounds pretty deadly. In our experience, very few cultured persons can actually show a college diploma—they have lost it or thrown it away. Then, too, our idea of a cultured person is a person who doesn't want to live in a community of cultured persons: anyone who does is hardly broad enough to be termed "cultured." There are really all kinds of interesting angles to the scheme: suppose, for argument, a graduate of Harvard moves to University City and subsequently marries a girl who never got beyond second-year high school—would the man be allowed to remain or would he be compelled to move his family to the outskirts of the town where his uneducated wife wouldn't be upsetting the civic intellectual equilibrium? Or suppose the child born of the union of a

Vassar girl and a Rutgers man decided to go to sea at the age of eleven months, like Joan Lowell, and turned up seventeen years later as the self-educated author of a best-seller, would the child be allowed to live home? Cases like that are bound to come up. We suggest the promoter draw up some rather comprehensive by-laws before he builds too many culture nests.

THE failure of La Willebrandt to put Mistress Guinan and Mistress Morgan in jail must have saddened her heart. Hostesses are still at large, where they can get at Methodists. The significant thing about the verdicts was the statement one of the Morgan jurors made: he said the jury believed that Helen Morgan had violated the law, but that the law was unjust. In other words, the jurors threw aside the business of interpreting a case in the light of laws as they exist, and actually considered the case from the standpoint of justice. We seem to be getting somewhere.

THERE was a large ad in this publication a couple of weeks ago, showing a Curtiss Robin plane on a

sportsman's estate, waiting for the sportsman (who was carrying polo mallets) to climb in. It was a pretty scene and we studied the ad with a glowing interest. Since then there has come to our hand a catalogue of the Mahoney Ryan Corporation, featuring the new Ryan brougham-for-six, a sister ship to the Spirit of St. Louis. "Windows are recessed to give a pleasing effect, and the interior trim is of polished mahogany, matching the in-

strument board and the cigarette and vanity cases." Not since the days when we were trying to decide between a Pope-Hartford and a Stanley Steamer have we felt the same spiritual unrest. Unquestionably, aviation has turned the corner—up till now the private citizen has been this way and that way about flying; but with the first mention of polo mallets and vanity cases, he is a goner. The advertising boys have got him now, and he's going to fly whether he likes it or not. So watch out!

"Don't be so cynical towards the two-seventeen, Henry."

One if by Night

IN the old days a cavalier sighed or sang, depending on whether his lady displayed white roses or red in her chamber window. And now, we learn, a modern Rapunzel has devised a similar signal system, effective if not so romantic. Precisely at noon every day, a young woman appears neatly framed in one of the windows of an office building at Madison and Thirty-fourth. Her gentleman friend, eagerly watching, waits at a window across the street. If she pats her stomach with her right hand, it means that he will be privileged to take her to lunch. If she holds her head with her left hand, he won't.

Phones and Phone Books

THE new phone books—one for each borough—are being prepared now, and last week we glimpsed how they are put together. Methodically, like a Ford. A hundred girls do most of the work. Great care is taken to prevent errors. Every subscriber's name, address, and number is cut on a separate stencil, which is checked for accuracy many times, finally by three women readers, the last of whom is a specially qualified expert. Even so, errors creep in. About two hundred names are listed wrongly in the current book.

We have picked up other items about the telephone. Twelve per cent of the phones now in use are the hand set, or French type; the cost is twenty-five cents a month—was fifty; there was a rumor that Mr. John Vassos, who recently illustrated a new edition of Oscar Wilde's works, has been commissioned to design a new type of French phone—lighter and lovelier—and is to be paid five thousand dollars; but the company has denied this.

Dial phones are being put in rapidly, largely because the company has estimated that in eight years available "girl-power" to handle vocal calls would be exhausted, it being difficult now to get enough competent ones. Twenty thousand people have private wires in Manhattan; there are two types of this service, one for subscribers who permit a phone manager to query them if some insistent person is trying to reach them but doesn't know the number, and the other for those who never wish to be bothered under any circumstances.

The men who install telephones have an odd job. They rarely report at their offices except to be hired or fired. At quitting time in the evening they leave their tools wherever they are working and go home. Next morning they report back to the same assignment. As soon as the instrument they have installed is connected they call up their boss and, by wire, are told where to go next. They are on their honor to work the prescribed hours but, as a precaution, a foreman is kept on the job to check up on them. These installation men, incidentally, are not allowed to work alone in a house or an apartment. Some member of the household must be present.

There is no Meridian exchange—Meridian 1212 is in the Susquehanna exchange and you can learn the correct time as readily by calling Susquehanna 1212. The number of the Knights of Columbus is 1492. They had to wait two years to get it because of also having to get sufficient numbers for their switchboard sequence. Cords on telephones must not be longer than six feet, unless one gets special permission. People who always like to have a telephone at hand but don't want the place cluttered with instruments can have wall plugs put in wherever they want, but the company charges for each one as if it were a separate extension. The company recently rejected the application of a man who wanted to be listed as "Ned;" nicknames aren't acceptable.

A directory in which subscribers are listed by street numbers is leased out to merchants and others for use as a mailing list. The company makes a neat profit on this and every telephone subscriber is assured of a big bunch of letters in the morning delivery.

Chromatics

OUR agent in high Washington society reports that Mrs. Gann is the woman of the hour down there. She gets asked everywhere, sits where she wants to sit, and in the drawing-room is always the centre of an animated group. It is remindful of the days of Alice Roosevelt and Alice blue. They say, in fact, that Mrs. Gann entered one house carrying a fan with a wing-spread of three feet and of her favorite shade of green, and that this color is likely to be named, in her honor, Gann green.

Greater Love

THE Eleven-Dollar première of "The Rainbow Man" at the Selwyn Theatre last week marked a new high in talking-movie first nights. The tickets were large and silvery. The audience was large and distinguished. The picture was the first movietone of Mr. Eddie Dowling, billed as "Broadway's Boy," and the first Super-Special of Sono-Art Productions, Inc. It was alarmingly bad. We supposed everybody would slip quietly out when it ended and try to forget. As very often happens, we were wrong. The lights went on suddenly, and it turned out the evening had just begun. People began shouting "Dowling! Dowling!" The atmosphere became that of a revival meeting. A gray-haired woman in evening dress, next to us, screamed briefly, in a cultured voice. Borne along on this wave of almost spiritual excitation, Mr. Dowling appeared in an aisle, in person. Hanging to one of his shoulders, cheering, ecstatic, obviously saved, was Mr. Morris Gest. There was a five-minute ovation for Mr. Dowling. Gradually, as the bedlam abated, the composition of the transported audience became apparent. Eddie began introducing celebrities, commanding them to arise. They obeyed like converts, tremulous, shining: O. E. Goebel, George W. Weeks, big Sono-Art Productions, Inc., men; Michael J. Meehan, Wall Street radio millionaire; Jesse Lasky, Jake Shubert, Mr. Gest again. "Now, folks," cried Eddie, "the greatest man in the history of the motion-picture industry!" Up rose D. W. Griffith. We were surprised that he had not slipped silently away during the final love scene, which was colossally bad. "What did you think of the picture, D. W?" shouted Eddie. Griffith blew a kiss to Eddie, lifted up his long arms, joined his hands together in a great handshake. "I loved it!" he boomed in a vast voice. (His father was Thundering Jake Griffith, rebel cavalry officer, Civil War.)

Next, for some obscure reason, came a program of songs—songs by a Kate Smith, songs by three negro boys, one of them strumming a washboard, songs by Eddie Dowling himself, including "Annie Laurie," which he said was his mother's favorite. His mother was then discovered in the audience by the aid of an usher who handed her two dozen American beauty roses. Mother love was cheered. The movie now seemed a long way off—happily, we thought—but it was abruptly reverted to in a re-enactment on the stage, in the flesh, of its great Daddy-in-Heaven scene between Mr. Dowling and a child actor.

Nowadays

A LAWYER, settling an estate, found it hard to dispose of an

"Would you mind handing me the end of my tippet?"

important item; namely, a summer residence in the Adirondacks, with a large, well-furnished house, two hundred acres of ground, private lake, boathouse, and so on. The difficulty was that the estate is fifty-six miles from a railroad and is accessible only over rough back-country roads. Thus many prospective purchasers were discouraged and the price asked in printed advertisements finally dropped to six thousand dollars. One day a young man called on the lawyer, asked directions, and said he would run up to have a look at the place. Next day he dropped in and announced he would purchase it. The lawyer was pleased that the man did not mind the bad roads, and said as much. "I didn't notice the roads," said the purchaser. "The place has a fine landing field—that's all I was worried about."

Valhalla

AT 544 Cathedral Parkway the Explorers' Club has opened its new home. Although it contains lounges, dining-rooms, seventy sleeping chambers, and other places for the communion and relaxation of the nomads as they come and go, it is in the shadow of greater buildings and a passerby might miss the flag of red, white, and blue diagonals which flies above it. This is the emblem of the club and is to be found at the four corners of the earth. Peary took it to the North Pole, Amundsen to the South. The other corners, so far as the club is concerned, are Mt. Kenya in East Africa and Cayambe in Ecuador. Akeley took the emblem to the former, Randolph M. Saville to the latter.

The Explorers' Club was formed a long time ago. It grew out of the Arctic Club, in which Dr. Frederick A. Cook was a figure. In 1894 Dr. Cook took the ship Miranda to Greenland, where it was wrecked. The party was rescued, and on the way back Dr. William Henry Brewer, of Yale, suggested that the veterans of the voyage should get together at dinners occasionally. This led to the Arctic Club. Ten years later Henry Collins Walsh, who had been vice-president of this, got the idea of the Explorers' Club, an expansion to include all those who had discovered some new part of the globe or a new feature of an old part. It now has more than five hundred members.

The explorers arrive and depart, swapping stories. The nature of their accounts is implied by the odds and ends that lie about—a Zulu axe, an Esquimau kayak, boomerangs, snowshoes, African blowpipes and war-drums, the tail of a giraffe. On one of the walls hangs a picture in oil showing Admiral Peary and his men examining a meteorite in the Arctic. It is especially notable because Albert Operti, the artist, had no canvas at the moment and so spread his paint upon a pair of Admiral Peary's khaki pants.

In the lounge of the club have been seen Byrd, the present Roosevelts, Stefansson, Donald MacMillan, Captain Wilkins, Captain Bartlett, Peary's skipper; Martin Johnson, of the jungles; Carveth Wells, who explored the mountains of "coldest Africa;" Cherrie, who floated down the River of Doubt with Roosevelt; Dellenbaugh, a member of the first party to navigate the Grand Canyon (in '72); Andrews, who hunts dinosaur eggs; Paul du Chaillu, who discovered the gorilla; and a good many others. Albert Payson Terhune is a member. Before he settled down to write he ventured among the Moslems, disguised as one of them.

The club doesn't foresee any immediate danger of a lack of places to explore. Attaining either of the poles doesn't mean anything any more, but an endless amount of detail work remains to be done, charting the poles and the jungles, determining contours, and so on. Too, the bottom of the Seven Seas is a practically untouched subject. Some day, they expect, somebody will show up in the lounge and tell all about it.

Artist

A LADY, day-dreaming in the hairdresser's chair, awoke to a growing conviction that there was something odd in her coiffeur's behavior. He fretted over his instruments. He prowled mysteriously round about her, squinting and frowning, and muttering to himself. His mood was explained when suddenly he flung his irons aside, executed a tragic Gallic gesture: "But no!" he cried. "I can do nothing. This day I have not the creative spirit!"

Molly

MOLLY PICON, idol of the East Side and star of Kessler's Second Avenue Theatre, is a phenomenon in the New York of today. Something in the tradition of the old Weber and Fields or Harrigan and Hart favorites, Molly is perhaps even more like the original Montmartre entertainers who drew the same crowds every week. Their French was too colloquial for foreigners and in the same way Molly's plays, which are in Yiddish with a sprinkling of English, are too much for Broadway crowds. Her appeal is to a neighborhood audience, which for more than five years has been loyal enough to her to assure any play in which she appears, good or bad, of a six-weeks' run. This summer she may make a talkie for Griffith but she expects to play at Kessler's indefinitely and spurns Broadway offers, which come from time to time. She doesn't regard a Broadway appearance as important enough to justify the risk of a flop. It isn't that the question of her English disturbs her, for she speaks without accent and so well that she studies Hebrew intensively to keep up on her own language.

She learned English perfectly during the war years, two of which she spent in vaudeville. Hating it, she went into Jewish productions under the management of Jacob Kalich. Later she married him and then spent two years acting abroad, in Russia, Rumania, Galicia, and Austria. In Vienna, Joseph Rumshinsky, Jewish musical-comedy composer, saw her and excitedly urged her to return to New York. She needed little persuasion, and came back to become a fixture on the East Side.

Molly's life is quite simple. She lives with her husband, mother, and sister in an apartment near Second Avenue. After the show, her mother usually stops by for her at Kessler's. Mrs. Picon is a wardrobe mistress at another theatre—has been one for forty years. Owing to this Molly got her first peek at a stage when she was five. Mrs. Picon continues to work because she likes it, and Molly's sister does the cooking for them all because she enjoys it. The family are quite prosperous, Kalich being part owner of Kessler's. He also gets royalties from books and plays he has written, and Molly from records she has made, very popular on the East Side.

Molly is known to practically everybody in her part of town, and virtually everyone calls her by her first name. On occasions when she goes to the Café Royal after the show she is greeted vociferously. Tremendously active on stage, she is quiet, almost wistful off. She worries a little because Griffith—who likes the alternately vivacious and pensive type—may want her to do a tragedy in the movies. She says she won't. She wants to do only comedy. She gets forty or fifty letters a week from children, and their hailing of her as "Molly"—sometimes in droves, for they follow her about the streets—gave her husband the title for the musical comedy she has been acting in, "Hello, Molly." She reports that she has received but one mash note in her life. It came out that this was from a young man who had to write it as part of an initiation ceremony in college.

"Don't you know you can't leave your car on Forty-ninth Street?"

With Us Yet

AN issue or two back we deplored the passing of the firm name Black, Starr & Frost, because of its consolidation with the Gorham Company. Several officials of both companies, wearing diamonds and rubies, have rushed to assure us that the name will not pass, that the present store in Fifth Avenue will remain. The name on the building will be Black, Starr & Frost–Gorham, Inc., or something like that. At any rate the name will be preserved. Life is very complicated. We got the wrong impression from a newspaper.

Grand Opera

IT was while he was hearing "Manon" at the Metropolitan that Frederick C. Bellinger, the attorney, began thinking about the Jones Law.

"If you have one pint of gin in your taxi . . ." mused Mr. Bellinger.

"Donna non vidi mai . . ." replied the singer.

"If you have one pint of gin in your taxi, you can lose your citizenship." Mr. Bellinger shifted uneasily in his seat. He was sitting in a parterre box, as lawyers do, and his rebelliousness grew as the opera progressed.

"Something ought to be done about this Jones Law," mused Mr. Bellinger.

"Da-da-di-oooo."

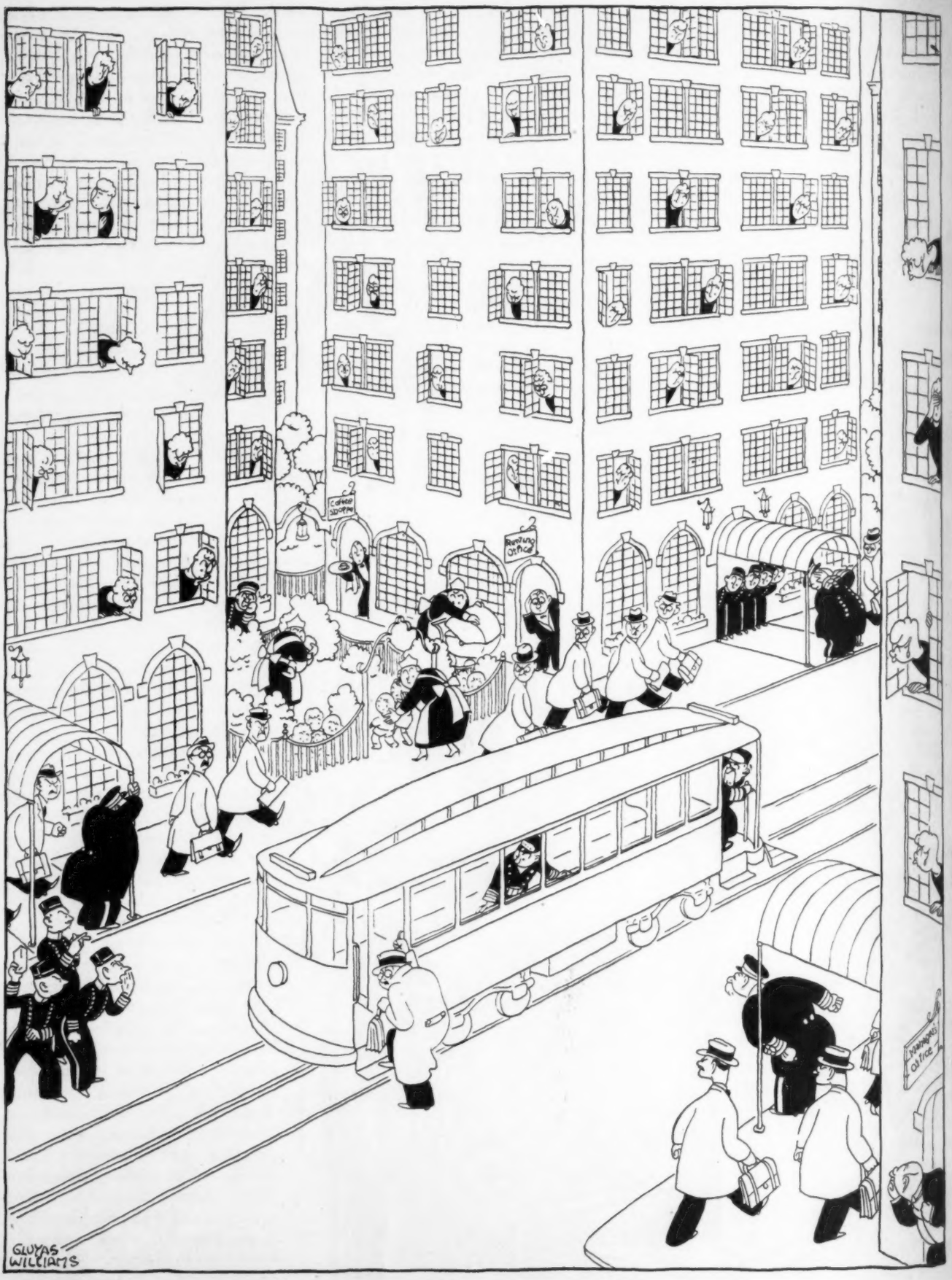
Mr. Bellinger spied Courtlandt Nicoll, also a lawyer, in the next box. He tried to indicate to him that something ought to be done about the Jones Law, but Mr. Nicoll thought he was interpreting "Manon."

"Da-da-di-ooooo."

Friends tried to quiet Mr. Bellinger. Fortunately there came an intermission; during it the two lawyers held a conference. "We ought to form a committee of lawyers who would defend Jones Law victims free of charge," he said. Mr. Nicoll approved. The plan developed at each intermission and the next day Mr. Bellinger put in a lot of phone calls in the downtown district. Before the day was over quite a sizable legal group had been drawn together under the manifesto beginning: "Since the sale of a glass of beer has been raised to the dignity of a felony . . ."

We thought you ought to know how things start.

—THE NEW YORKERS



INDUSTRIAL CRISES

A Resident of Tudor City Is Discovered not Walking to Work

ELSIE DINSMORE ENTERTAINS AT TEA

How is the warm and loving heart requited,
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell;
Its best affections wronged, betrayed, and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well. —L. E. L.

ONE afternoon as our heroine mounted the steps of the Dinsmore mansion, she observed a young man lounging against a nearby post. Although on the whole she disapproved of loungers, something in the lad appealed to her kind heart.

"Can I do anything for you, my good man?" she asked in her courteous way.

"Yes," he replied, with a bold air, "you can point out Mr. Horace Dinsmore to me."

"Ah," said Elsie, smiling, "you must mean my father. Can it be that you do not know him?"

"No," he answered, with a gleam of his keen black eye, "but I have been trying to meet him, to transact some business with him."

"Such persistence always wins in the end," said Elsie, with admiration, "and I am sure you will be rewarded. Indeed, he should be here within an hour or more."

"So much the better," said the youth, slapping his pockets and winking.

"In the meanwhile, will you not join me at tea?" asked Elsie politely. "I am always delighted to entertain associates of my father."

The young man accepted her hospitable invitation with alacrity, and followed her into the house. He helped himself to a seat in the drawing-room, while Elsie gave orders for Uncle Pompey, the aged black servitor, to fetch the tea.

As she took her seat, the little girl said hesitantly, "I fear that I do not know your designation, sir."

"Mr. Spriggs," he replied, placing his thumbs in the armholes of his checkered vest. "At your service."

"Thank you, Mr. Spriggs," said Elsie gratefully. "If I am ever in need of your services, I shall remember your kind offer. But let me introduce myself: I am little Elsie, daughter and heiress of Mr. Horace Dinsmore."

FOR some moments, they sat in almost unbroken silence, which was at last interrupted by the advent of Uncle Pompey, bearing a small table and a tray of handsome china and viands. Elsie played the part of hostess to perfection, presiding over the tea-urn with ease and grace, and pressing upon her guest the dainties with which the table was laden. Although Mr. Spriggs appeared to enjoy the tiny sandwiches and tarts, she observed that he was not imbibing his tea.

"Perhaps, like my dear Papa, you would prefer a cordial," she suggested, well-schooled hostess that she had become.

"A *what*?" the young man asked in astonishment. "Oh, well, anything you say. If a man like your father likes it, *I* can take a chance on it."

"Papa always tells his guests that his cordials are harmless, before serving them," Elsie reassured him.

The little girl of fourteen jumped up and ran to a cabinet nearby, from which she extracted two glasses and a decanter. In order to make her guest feel thoroughly at ease, she poured a glassful for herself as well as one for him.

"That's more *like*," said Mr. Spriggs, smacking his lips and refilling his glass from the decanter.

"It *is* a delicious beverage, is it not, Mr. Spriggs?" said Elsie, with a bright smile.

"Nice place you have here," said he, glancing about the room at the handsome furniture and paintings, the expensively bound books, statuary, tapestries, rare bric-a-brac, rich carpet, and soft couches.

"It is our *home*," said Elsie with becoming modesty.

"Just a nest, eh?" he said. "Well, when does your father come home to roost?"

AT this moment the doorbell pealed, and Mr. Spriggs sprang nervously to his feet.

"That is not Papa," said Elsie with assurance. "He does not ring when he enters the house."

As she spoke the words a sweet-faced elderly woman swept into the room.

"Aunt Wealthy Stanhope!" cried the little girl, dancing to welcome her relative with outstretched hands. And, indeed, it *was* Aunt Wealthy, whose "stumbling tongue" had ever proved a source of kindly amusement.

"How is my little Elsie?" carolled the dear old lady, as she eyed Mr. Spriggs with interest. "I dropped in for a short call, but seeing that you have a visitor, I shall not stay."

"Oh, *do* stay to tea," urged Elsie cordially, for she was fond of invalids, babes, and old people. "This is Mr. Spriggs, who wishes to see Papa on important business. Mr. Spriggs, Miss Stanhope. Will you have lemon or cream, Aunt Wealthy?"

"What is in the *bottle*, Elsie?" asked her relative, adjusting her spectacles. "Just give me a glass of that, and I shall have off my bonnet and shawl for a nice chat."

While Elsie fetched a third glass, Aunt Wealthy made herself comfortable, and was soon nibbling at a sandwich and sipping the beverage.

"I always say Horace has excellent —Horace is my favorite nephew, Mr. Spriggs," the old lady chatted pleasantly. "And you say you have important business with Horace. Do not tell me what the important business is, children." Aunt Wealthy stopped to shake her finger playfully at the two as she finished her glassful. "I may be old, but my eyes are bright. Elsie, you might give your old Aunty a little more of the cordial."

Elsie promptly refilled all three glasses, and Aunt Wealthy continued, "When

I come upon two young things killing and booing, I say to myself, '*There* are two turtle-doves.' "

Mr. Spriggs laughed robustly, leaning back in his chair, while Elsie blushed painfully.

"But, Aunt Wealthy, you do not understand—" broke in Elsie, scarlet with embarrassment and confusion.

"Now, child," said the dear old soul with mock sternness, "I may be as I say, an old maid. But remember: the Bible says, 'It is not good for man to be alone,' and I hope, Mr. Twigs—"

"*Spriggs*, ma'am," said the gentleman, in some irritation.

"Sprigs, twigs, swigs—ah, Elsie, child, your old Aunty could have been a poet." The aged voice shook with emotion. "A poet. I always said to your father—where is your father, Elsie?"

"He should be here shortly," replied the little girl in a trembling voice, glancing anxiously at the clock. "Please, Aunt Wealthy, let me explain."

"My dear, Aunt Wealthy requires no explanations," said the sweet old lady. "I always say, 'Never put all your baskets into one egg.' And even though you have stolen a march on us, I say, 'Well, that is youth.' Never regret being young, child. Mark your old Aunty's words."

"Oh, dear," moaned Elsie, dropping a tear or two, "Mr. Spriggs is not a friend of mine, Aunt Wealthy."

"Friend? *No!*" said Aunt Wealthy decidedly. "I agree with you. *Friend* is hardly the proper term."

MR. SPRIGGS rose to his feet. "I have had about enough," he said peremptorily.

"So have I," agreed the dear aged spinster cheerily. "Elsie, do not fill my glass again. I have had about enough."

"*Please*, Aunt Wealthy," pleaded Elsie, beginning to sob.

"There, there, child," said Miss Stanhope reassuringly, as she polished her spectacles, "do not fear that I shall betray your sweet secret. But before I go, Elsie, I must say what I came to tell you about. I went to a dinner party, and Mr. Vanilla and his mother were there—"

"*Travilla*," corrected Elsie gently, through the gathering tears.

"Well, what does it matter? It was a large party, and Miss Bixby, my dear, made eyes at Mr. Vanilla. I thought you might be interested, Elsie, but I suppose you do not care now. I once thought, Mr. Briggs, that Elsie and Mr. Vanilla—but—my dears, Aunt Wealthy *knows* you will be happy. Now, do not say a word. I am going. Old Aunt Wealthy is going to leave you in peace. Goodbye, turple-doves!"

WITH these words, the dear old lady replaced her bonnet and trotted out of the house, before anyone could speak. Elsie was suffused with crimson at the mention of the name of Mr. Travilla, her father's intimate friend, in such a connection, for though so tall and fair, our Elsie remained in thought an innocent child.

"What the—excuse me, miss," said Mr. Spriggs, scratching his head, "but with your kind permission I am going before any more like that blow in."

Before he could find his hat and be gone, however, Mr. Dinsmore's cheery voice sounded in the hallway. "Elsie!" he called, in his fine, deep tones.

The child ran to meet him with outstretched arms, Mr. Spriggs following closely upon her heels.

"Oh, Papa," she said, in relieved accents, twining her arms affectionately about his neck, "Aunt Wealthy has been here, and has made a distressing mistake concerning Mr. Spriggs, who is waiting to see you on business."

"Are you Mr. Horace Dinsmore?" asked Mr. Spriggs in a businesslike manner, stepping forward.

"I am," replied Mr. Dinsmore haughtily.

"Well, I am pleased to meet you," said the young man, taking some papers from his pocket. "I have been t r y i n g for three weeks to serve a summons on you. Ha! Ha! A suit for breach of—" .

"Stay, give me the papers," said Mr. Horace Dinsmore quickly.

—JOSIE TURNER

•

Uncle Perry McKelvie got hurt again, dropped a 2 by 10 on his right foot, we are wondering what will happen to Uncle Perry next.—*Lone Oak (Okla.) News.*

It seems to be a fair question.

DEATH

Nor dread nor hope attend
  A dying animal;
A man awaits his end
  Dreading and hoping all;
Many times he died,
  Many times rose again.
A great man in his pride
  Confronting murderous men
Casts derision upon
  Supersession of breath;
He knows death to the bone—
  Man has created death.

—W. B. YEATS

• •

SESAME LOLLARD

I SAW her first at the Beach and Tennis Club. She was like an iris, yes, that was it, delicate and a little dewy. Her head flowered up from her slim body. Eyes blue-purple, velvet blue-purple petals. An iris, but bruised, oh pitifully bruised. Those petal eyes had been bruised, not fist-hurt but fate-hurt. The hurt iris with a stem by Vionnet.

"You don't know?" They laughed, little darting, curling snake-tongues of laughter. "That's Sesame Lollard."

Sesame Lollard! Of course I knew. Everyone knew. That was why those eyes were hurt, because everyone knew. It was her breeding which sold her out. It is a heavy and an evil thing to have a flower body to clothe. Her little hands, her little feet treading lightly on the primroses.

She had no aloneness. They had taken her aloneness away from her. Dozens could tell you of the stem-green bed which held her tired little-girl slimness. Sesame Lollard's stem-green bed brought clucking noises in hundreds of thick throats. They knew that the cool sheets were violet-which-has-a-little-milk-in-it. They knew the shoes that shod the nerved narrowness of her feet. Because she had sold her aloneness there was a man with a barrel chest in Waco who could tell you how she was clothed and bedded, what cigarettes lay in the quartz box on her table, how her hands moved over her face ministering to her beauty in the close quiet of the moments before bed. She used scent behind her ears and on her mouth and in the little cup of her collar-bone, and three men out of four on 'Change knew that fragrance. Even her mind they knew. For money she would take the cover off her mind and show it to them—many of them, so many. Her mind, all waked, all glowing, "See, this is what a book did to me. For money you can look!"

Sesame Lollard, with the flower body and the great name. Sesame Lollard, who would endorse anything for five thousand dollars.

—MARY C. MCCALL, JR.

"He won't kiss people—I've trained him not to."

THE PSYCHING OF MR. ROGERS

ONE April morning Rogers found, on a shelf of his wardrobe, a straw hat he had worn once or twice the spring before. His man Jonathan was out, and the whimsical decision formed in Rogers' mind to take the hat around to the cleaner's and have it cleaned. Jonathan of course would disapprove. But it would be a jolly good lesson to Jonathan. Jonathan should have thrown the old hat away.

Rogers could find neither a paper bag nor a box. He couldn't even find a plain piece of wrapping paper. A desperate attempt to wrap the hat in a newspaper resulted in a very strange-looking bundle indeed. Rogers sniffed, in dismissal, and made as if to toss the hat back upon the shelf, but paused. "I've got to go through with this," he said to himself.

Contact with the minor actualities of life was new to Rogers; new and distasteful, he found. Yet there was vaguely present in his subconscious a feeling that he had been challenged. He was letting an old hat dominate him. Quite abruptly, he went out into the street carrying the old straw openly in one hand and wearing a new felt hat. He remembered having noticed a cleaner's about three blocks away, and he started in that direction.

Almost immediately he began to feel embarrassed. He discovered, with amazement, that he might as well have been carrying a clock or a bicycle. Persons who passed him stared—incuriously, but they stared. He rested the straw hat jauntily against one hip, but felt uncomfortable. He tried holding it across his chest, and felt ridiculous. A traffic policeman eyed him briefly. Suddenly he snatched off the hat he was wearing and began carrying both of them in his hand. This gave him the alarming sensation of holding seven or eight hats. Hastily he put the good one on and, to his own astonishment, thrust the old one under his coat. It bulged comically. Rogers' brow was now moist and his breast thumped. He jerked the hat out from under his coat and offered it to an oldish, rather beggary-looking man who was passing. The fellow didn't want it. Panic now seized Rogers and he broke into a slight run. Even as he ran he realized that he must look for all the world like a fleeing man who has stolen a hat. He slowed down and was relieved to find, gaping before him, a rubbish receiver at a corner. He dropped the hat into it.

ROGERS' breakdown, the disintegration of his moral fibre, dated from that moment. He developed an almost perfect inferiority complex. The actual crash came when his sister phoned to ask if he would escort her and another young lady to the opera. "I can't carry both of you," said Rogers, with a vague sense of dread. "'Carry'?" echoed his sister. Rogers flushed, stammered, and fell in a faint.

After he had been in bed two days, his baffled physicians, who pronounced him physically as sound as a dollar, decided it was a case for Dr. Erckmann-Erckmann, the psychoanalyst. All that the medical men had been able to get out of Rogers was: "You wouldn't understand, nobody would understand." Dr. Erckmann-Erckmann, however, did understand. On the sixth day he got around to the hat; dug it up, as it were, after a series of probing questions.

"You must start off for the cleaner's with another old straw hat," said Erckmann-Erckmann, who always employed the Direct Command Attack.

"I suppose so," said Rogers, wanly. He asked his man Jonathan to find another old straw hat. Jonathan at length found one of his own and brought it to Rogers, sadly, obviously hurt that his master had seen fit to prowl about shelves on that awful day a week before.

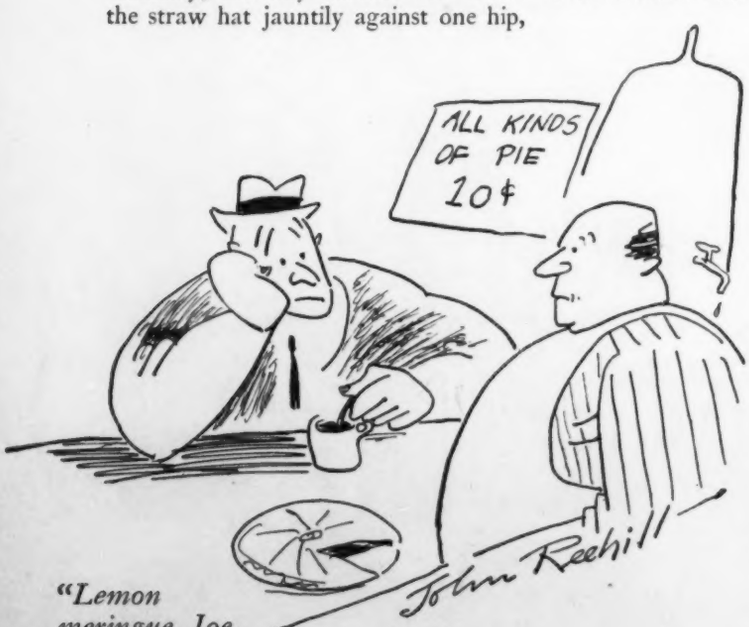
"You will get up," pursued the great psychoanalyst, "dress as usual, and start off with the straw hat in your hand. Furthermore," he added, using the Positive Future Command, "you will take the hat to the cleaner's."

"Will it cure me if I succeed—go through with it—this time?" asked Rogers.

"It will cure you if you succeed—go through with it—this time," said Erckmann-Erckmann, using now the Reiterated Echo Suggestion.

"But if I only had had—" began Rogers. Erckmann-Erckmann hastily stopped this threatened lapse into the dangerous Pluperfect Subjunctive. "You are taking the hat to the cleaner's, you are leaving it at the cleaner's," said the great man, employing the Visual Present Indicative.

"I'm doing it," said Rogers, hopefully. He got up and dressed, a bit uncertainly, and with several irritable remarks to the broken Jonathan, seized the old hat the latter had brought him, stalked out into the street, and resolutely headed for the cleaner's. Dr. Erckmann-Erckmann followed at a discreet distance. A little way down the street, Rogers passed two women who were walking. "Lookit, Effie," said one of them, "there goes that same fella with another straw hat." Rogers instantly broke into a trot. "Stop!" cried Erckmann-Erckmann, "stop that!" He too broke into a trot. So did the women. Three small boys, playing in the street, joined in the chase. Rogers increased his cadence. He was using his old Harvard two-twenty pace when he approached the cleaner's three blocks away. Then he sprinted like mad. He passed the shop on a dead run. —JAMES THURBER



"Lemon meringue, Joe, I ain't in the mood for apple."

•

One of my Spanish students once floored me utterly by asking me whether I cared for "chath." When the Spaniard sees the letter "j" he pronounces "ch" as in "loch," and when he sees "z" he pronounces "th" as in "thin."—*The Sun.*

Maybe it would be better to keep him in a darkened room.

". . . so I bought her a knicknack and left her in South Brooklyn."

PROFILES

MASTER OF MASTERS

Leopold Auer

IT is the afternoon before a big concert in Carnegie Hall. Outside, the billboards are plastered with the name of Heifetz; inside, the box-office lords are coldly informing late applicants that there are no more seats. At the same hour, in all likelihood, the bright boy himself is driving up to an apartment house in West End Avenue, carrying his violin case. Upstairs he is greeted affectionately by a little bearded old man with amazingly young black eyes, and then the illustrious Jascha plays over his program under the judicial ear of his old teacher, Professor Leopold Auer.

Not only with Heifetz but with Zimbalist as well, it is something of a tradition, a rite, this perennial session with their former master. At least once every year, before an important recital, these two stellar gentlemen go to see Professor Auer and rehearse their programs with him, respectfully absorbing what suggestions he has to offer. To the simple layman such a fact speaks more eloquently than volumes of critical testimony to the genius of the eighty-four-year-old teacher.

There is of course that other eloquent fact which everyone knows—a little arithmetical fact. In the world today are four violin virtuosi of commanding rank, and three of them—Zimbalist, Heifetz, and Elman—are his pupils. After these there are a score of names of lesser but still appreciable lustre—Toscha Seidel, Max Rosen, Kathleen Parlow, Thelma Given, Eddy Brown, Ruth Breton, Alexander Bloch. As they talk of him one sees why he is a great teacher; not only because he is a great musician, but also because of the magnetism capable of calling out in pupils, now grown-up and distinguished, enthusiastic love and a veneration which still borders on juvenile awe.

FOUR years ago occurred that memorable concert in his honor when the platform of Carnegie Hall almost cracked under the weight of celebrity, with Rachmaninoff, Gabrilowitsch, Josef Hofmann, Messrs. Heifetz and Zimbalist, and Professor Auer himself all there at once. It was arranged by those two unwearying disciples to celebrate his eightieth birthday, and the visual effect of the evening—in the words of Deems Taylor—"was a combination of those sumptuous talking-machine and reproducing-piano advertisements, wherein the dazed customer swims voluptuously in an aura of obliging virtuosi."

There is nothing sentimental about this veneration, because the regal little old man with the penetrating eyes is a supreme figure in music. He has cut down the volume of his work lately, but essentially he is just as he was in those epic days in St. Petersburg when Zimbalist and Elman, in short trousers, jeered at each other's efforts; or when Heifetz, Toscha Seidel, and Thelma Given were all photographed around the same piano.

At that time he was head of the violin department in the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg, and he had served as court violinist under three czars. But the Revolution uprooted him after fifty years in Imperial Russia, and he came here eleven years ago. In May, 1917, after the First Revolution, he had left St. Petersburg with his flock of budding geniuses and had gone to Norway for a summer of teaching and "concertizing." Expecting to return, he had left his library, his photographs, the bric-a-brac bestowed by appreciative royalty, even his bank account; but after the second overturn friends tumbling over the border warned him to stay out.

Arriving in New York a few months later, bereft of all tangible assets, he was welcomed with great ado by the disciples, both large and small. Among their more substantial attentions were gifts of a grand piano and a five-thousand-dollar cheque toward the purchase of a home. With a philosophical acquiescence in this world's changes, he became an American citizen three years ago, and upon receiving his papers announced gaily to the assembled reporters: "Now I shall vote against prohibition."

HE was born in 1845 when, as a younger mind realizes with awe, the first wagon trains had scarcely begun to crawl across the American prairie. His father was a house painter in Veszprim, Hungary, and as such was in and out of the homes of the local noblesse, who graciously interested themselves in the career of little Leopold. At eight he went to study the violin at the Budapest Conservatory, later going on to Vienna. At thirteen he was obliged to interrupt his studies for lack of funds, and during the next two years he and his father barnstormed the provinces, travelling from small town to small town in a peasant's horse-drawn cart. There were no managers, so at each stand the elder Auer would go himself to a tradesman, usually the music dealer, and get permission to put up placards.

One would like to know what he looked like, that prodigy of seventy years ago. He remembers that he wore his hair long, and his eyes must have dominated his face as they do now. He was not a very good prodigy, with an inadequate technique and a poor violin. Once they came to the town of Graz, to find that the great Vieuxtemps was giving a concert there. Papa Auer engineered a hearing, and Leopold, quivering with excitement and hope, was bidden to play for the celebrity at his hotel. Mme. Vieuxtemps sat down very grudgingly to play his accompaniment; in the middle of a number she leaped from the piano stool and started around the room.

"I am looking," she said brutally, "for the cat which must be hidden here, miaowing." The child collapsed in his father's arms.

IN 1861, in Paris, he interested some more wealthy backers, then went to

Hanover to study with Joachim. Seven years later he was invited by Anton Rubinstein to become Professor of Violin at the Imperial Conservatory in St. Petersburg and soloist at the "little court" of the Grand Duchess Helena; and when Wieniawski resigned as the Imperial fiddler, Auer succeeded to his title of Soloist to the Czar.

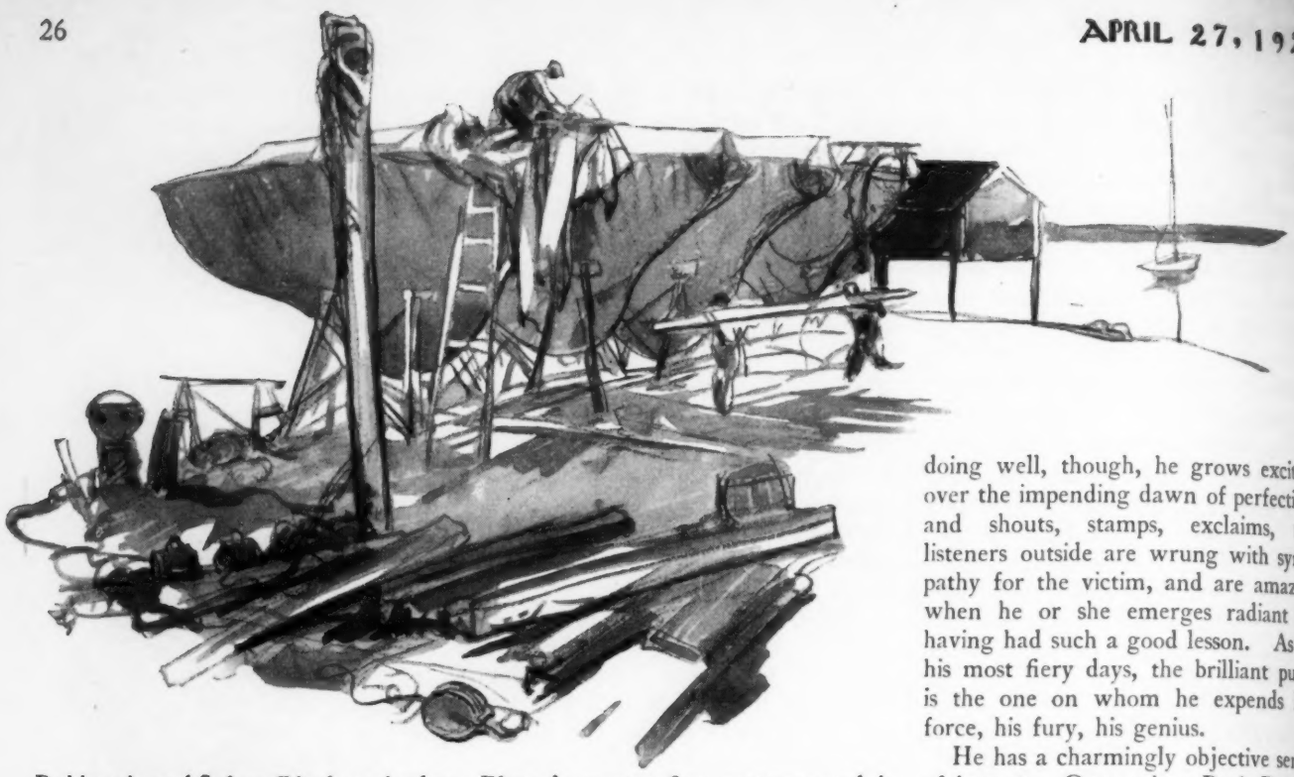
He has always had a pragmatic vein useful to an artist; he can adjust his mind to circumstances as he finds them. In America he accepts republican institutions; in Russia he was untroubled by doubts as to the perfection of the Old Régime. No man was less moved by the "socialistic doctrines" which in those days, he observes, "had by no means attained that influence in civilized countries which they seem to possess at the present time." To be a court musician under the czars — "it was the ideal life."

Among the multifarious activities of those fifty years were official appearances with the Ballet in Moscow and St. Petersburg, concert tours, evenings spent hobnobbing agreeably with music-loving Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, summer visits to London, and always of course teaching, during the winter. He played first violin in the Imperial Quartet with Davidoff; he conducted symphony concerts for the Russian Musical Society. Tchaikowsky dedicated his violin concerto to him, but what with one thing and another Auer neglected to play it for two years, and the ruffled composer rededicated it to someone else.

Occasionally one or more of the Czar's soloists would be summoned to the Great Court, where in high, glittering rooms they would provide a little *soirée musicale* for the Czarina and a handful of ladies; sometimes for the Czar. After such an occasion the artist would be presented with a gold cigarette case or watch adorned with the Imperial eagle in diamonds. Through the thoughtfulness of the Emperor, which was appreciated at times by Professor Auer himself, it was permissible to turn in these mementoes for cash.

Despite such amiable condescension on the part of exalted personages, the artist was in a very anomalous position unless he achieved a decoration. Professor Auer, however, was uplifted with the Grand Cross of the Order of Stanislaus, equivalent to a baronetcy, and conferring the titles of Excellency and Councillor of State. Only Anton

"Where the hell's the rubber plant?"



Rubinstein and Safonoff had received so prodigious an honor.

AS a virtuoso Auer never equalled some of his pupils. He was noted for the beauty of his tone and interpretation, but technically he was hampered by his hands, which were "hard" and too small. As a teacher, though, he was supreme—a fact which Elman's success first press-agented in this country.

His teaching is a thing of infinite variety, always electric, sometimes explosive. Pupils of the old days describe him marching up and down during a lesson with his hands behind his back, his head on one side, the floor littered with ashes from his eternal cigarettes. At less pacific moments bows and stands clattered across the room and the stricken one cowered from the blast. He is less eruptive now, often sitting quite tranquilly through a bad lesson. If the pupil is doing well, though, he grows excited over the impending dawn of perfection and shouts, stamps, exclaims, till listeners outside are wrung with sympathy for the victim, and are amazed when he or she emerges radiant at having had such a good lesson. As in his most fiery days, the brilliant pupil is the one on whom he expends his force, his fury, his genius.

He has a charmingly objective sense of humor. Once when Ruth Breton was studying with him he sputtered: "That is a terrible fingering you use. Where do you get such bad editions?" Whereupon he bustled over to look at the music—and found the edition was his own, one he had forgotten for decades. He laughed and laughed.

Girl pupils are a great trial to him because of their habit of popping off into matrimony just when they are promising great things. So now, if they must, Professor Auer's parting word is: "Remember! No bébés!" Some years ago when a gifted maiden eloped he was so angry that he vowed he would take no more girls. But after having a bébé the recalcitrant damsel wanted to return, and she came to play for him. He listened with growing delight—rushed to the foot of the stairs and called to Mme. Auer: "Wan-da! She hasn't lost a thing!" —came back beaming. "You must get a divorce at once."

IN the springtime of seventy-nine years Professor Auer married Mme. Wanda Bogutska-Stein, a lady of smart and slender middle life who had long been his accompanist. Three daughters of his former marriage are still living in Russia. Professor and Mme. Auer live quietly at 325 West End Avenue, having sold their house off Riverside Drive, and see few but close friends. Among those who dine intimately with them are the Rachmaninoffs, the Josef Hofmanns, the Zimbalists, and Heifetz and his wife, Florence Vidor. Twice a day the Professor

goes for a short walk, and his other recreation is reading, especially on international politics. His physical vitality is astounding. Last spring he went through a severe operation and recovered from it with the elasticity of a young man. When he does go out to the homes of people he likes, he is a singularly imposing figure, with his perfect dress and his white-bearded, fiery face; his entrance into a room is the entrance of a king. Everyone makes way for him, hangs on his every word, but there is nothing theatrical in this. It simply happens, called forth

by the Professor's awe-inspiring simplicity.

WHEN he arrived here to make a fresh start at the age of seventy-two, he first fell back, of necessity, on private teaching, and thereby reaped much woe. Backers of young musicians from Kalamazoo and Pittsburgh, restive under the cost of an Auer education—about thirty-five dollars a lesson—would start clamoring for good, American, cash results. As soon as the hopeful could wield a facile bow they would pooh-pooh the idea of further lessons, against the amazed and anguished protests of the master that technique was not the entire art of music. The pupil would make his début with dismal consequences, and the backers would go home uttering loud aspersions. For many summers the Professor was persuaded to adorn the violin department at the versatile Chicago Musical College, an institution which stresses, among other branches of the musical art, the training of motion-picture organists in the resources of the Wurlitzer. Last summer saw the end of that connection.

It is with great relief, this year, that he is doing all his teaching at the Juilliard Foundation in New York and at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, acting in a supervisory capacity at a third school, the Institute of Musical Art. In the first two all the pupils are on scholarships, and there is no more worry about premature débuts. When he taught privately he had forty or fifty pupils, most of whom studied under his assistant and old pupil, Victor Kuzdo, and had a lesson with Auer himself once or twice a month. Now he has only four pupils at Curtis and four at the Juilliard Foundation, and each has a full hour a week.

It is impossible to convey the fervor, the inspiration almost, which lights

the words of quite everyday people when they speak of him, yet to those who have seen this phenomenon it is the clearest illustration of his power. He has written a book called "Violin Playing as I Teach It," and one or two others, but how can a book communicate the insight with which he divines the nature of an immature talent, and supplies just what is needed to bring it out?

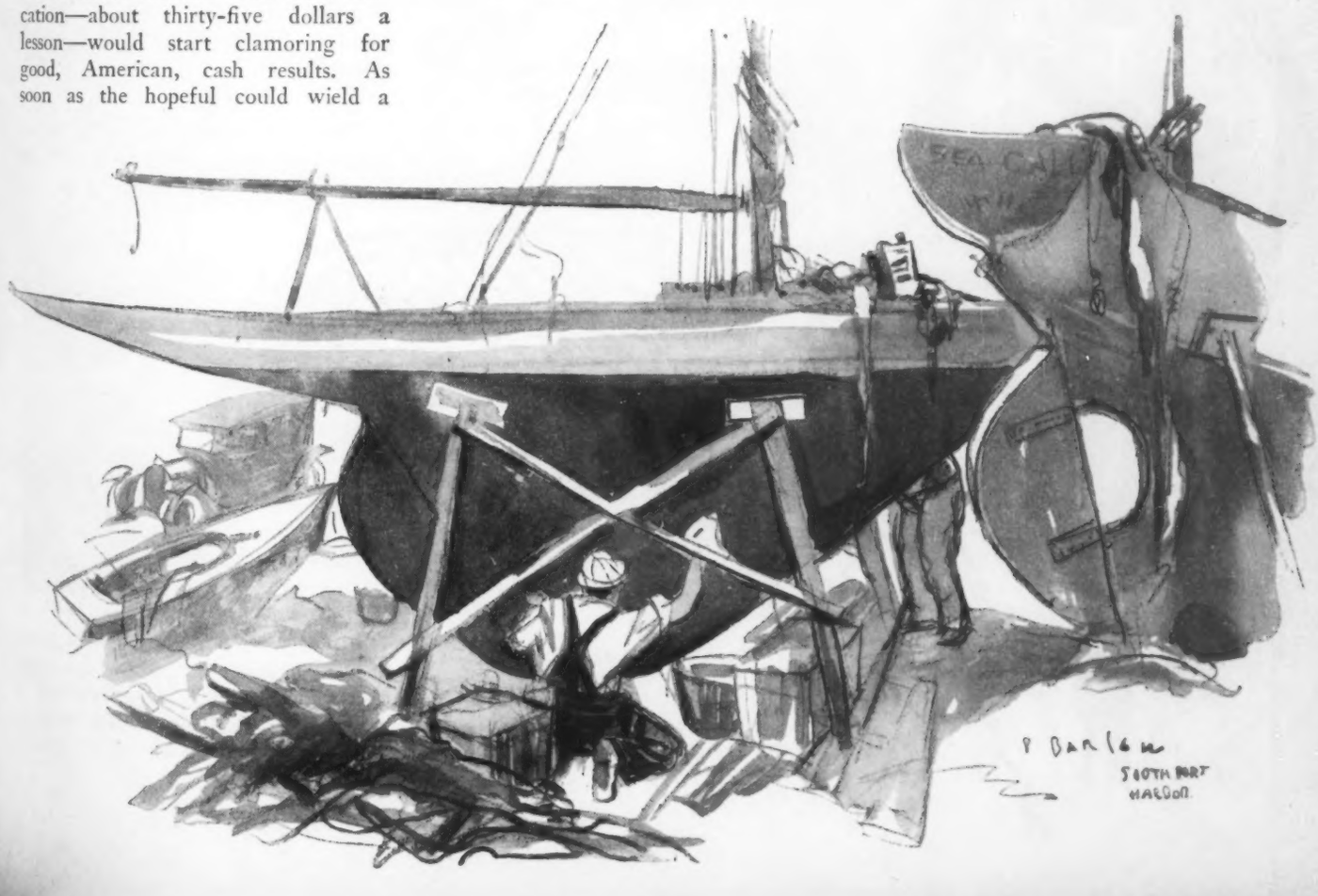
The world is aware how little Professor Auer's chefs d'oeuvre resemble each other. He teaches no two pupils alike, and the gusty changes of his temper are not merely temperament. Whether he is harsh and cold, irascible, or infinitely tender and understanding, his mood is directed by a subtle intuition to something in the pupil.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

•

He was physically almost punny, even though he did play a good game of tennis.—*From "They Still Fall In Love."*

The worst physical type we know.



BEWITCHED BABY

"The Devil marks the April ones."
—Old Saying

Chameleon mite, you are more mine than theirs!
Your mother has admitted it herself,
And disclaimed all the manners, moods and airs
That go to make a strange and stormy elf.
It's pointed out we're temperish and thin;
We're touch-me-not; we wear a changing shell,
A green mercurial eye, a private grin,
And sudden Stygian woe—oh, very well.

They do not guess, these placid puzzled folk,
We April ones are Devil-marked at birth;
They do not sniff, far off, black cauldron smoke,
Nor know swift goblin gloom and secret mirth;
Soundly they sleep, your solid Saxon sires,
Their eyeballs no reflectors of hell fires.

—Jacqueline Embry

•

OF ALL THINGS

MR. HOOVER favors the farm board as an experiment. If it works badly one can always call it "noble."

•

The farmers may be ever so confident of relief, but if so, why are they all trying to give their farms to Marion Talley?

•

The Soviet plan for the drastic limitation of armies and navies got a pretty chilly reception at Geneva. It is not clubby to bring up that sort of thing at a disarmament conference.

•

Amarillo, Texas, indignantly refuses to pay the deficit on a shortened version of "Thaïs." Those who have heard the whole thing hold that Amarillo could be made to pay extra.

•

Nineteen-twenty-eight was a banner year for new membership in the churches. The Roman Catholics got the biggest increase, if you count children, but the Baptists got the most voters.

•

That golf club for children is an excellent idea. If we may judge by the drama, Long Island kiddies should be protected from association with their parents.

•

It has been decided that it is not necessary to reappoint Secretary Mellon every four years. He is a Harding perennial.

•

Twenty-five weeks have passed since the murder of Arnold Rothstein. Our police department pleasantly observed the occasion by making a raid upon the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau.

•

At a late hour last night one could still buy a ticket for the Leviathan without a doctor's prescription.

•

The New York spring—if you hadn't heard—is a merger of winter and summer, retaining the worst features of both.

•

William De Mille calls the talkies "the child of Mother Movie and Father Stage." Everybody is doing well except father.

•

The Book-of-the-Month Club offers to take back "The Cradle of the Deep" from dissatisfied customers. This may run into money. It would have been cheaper to mail each subscriber a grain of salt.

•

If the President wants any more Coolidge policies to carry out, he should drop a postal card to the New York Life Insurance Company.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Bambino were married at five-forty-five in the morning, thus knocking the curfew law for a Circuit Clout.—Howard Brubaker

"Humph!"

THE THEATRE

ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA

THOSE who take their art hard are pretty distressed by the circumstance that the Theatre Guild has put on "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye," by Frantisek Langer, at the Martin Beck.

They cling fast to the fact that Frantisek Langer is a Czechoslav, and that a program note describes him as "highly rated as one of the modern school of Czechoslovakian literature." Then they clutch at the presence of a keen satirical touch in the first act of "The Camel Through the Needle's Eye." Thus some have saved themselves from the abyss of Truth. Truth is that "The Camel" (I'm not going to write it all out again) is just an amusing comedy with no pretensions whatever to being great or being different, and that if this were Herr Langer's only play one would judge that the preparatory work for that modern school was a long course in cinema scenarios.

It's a Cinderella story placed a little farther from reality in that the Cinderella is a business genius; so when her lover's father raises the conventional rumpus with her, she leaves the house for which he is paying, but takes her lover with her and sets him up in a model dairy.

This differs from the John Golden model of the Cinderella play in that the young people begin living in what used to be known as sin at the end of Act I, and the heroine is going to have a baby in Act III. Perhaps the art addicts use both those facts for toe-holds.

If you remember "The Garden of Eden" you will have an exact parallel for "The Camel." The only difference is that "The Garden of Eden" had a charming and satirical last act instead of a charming and satirical first one.

I enjoyed myself a lot at "The Camel" and I think most people will if they'll just relax. Miriam Hopkins plays the heroine delightfully. It is, however, Helen Westley's show. Miss Westley plays the heroine's rogue-elephant of a mother, and plays it to a turn. Elliot Cabot, miscast again as the lily-like young hero, does creditably; Catherine Calhoun-Doucet, Mary Kennedy, and Henry Travers contribute good work.

"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH"

This dégagée lady is Mrs. Fiske, who glitters and sparkles through the mannerly little revival at the Klaw. The tortured visage above belongs to Sidney Toler, as the tombstone salesman she left brooding in Missionary Loop.

"THE LOVE DUEL," by Lili Hatvany, adapted by Zoë Akins and

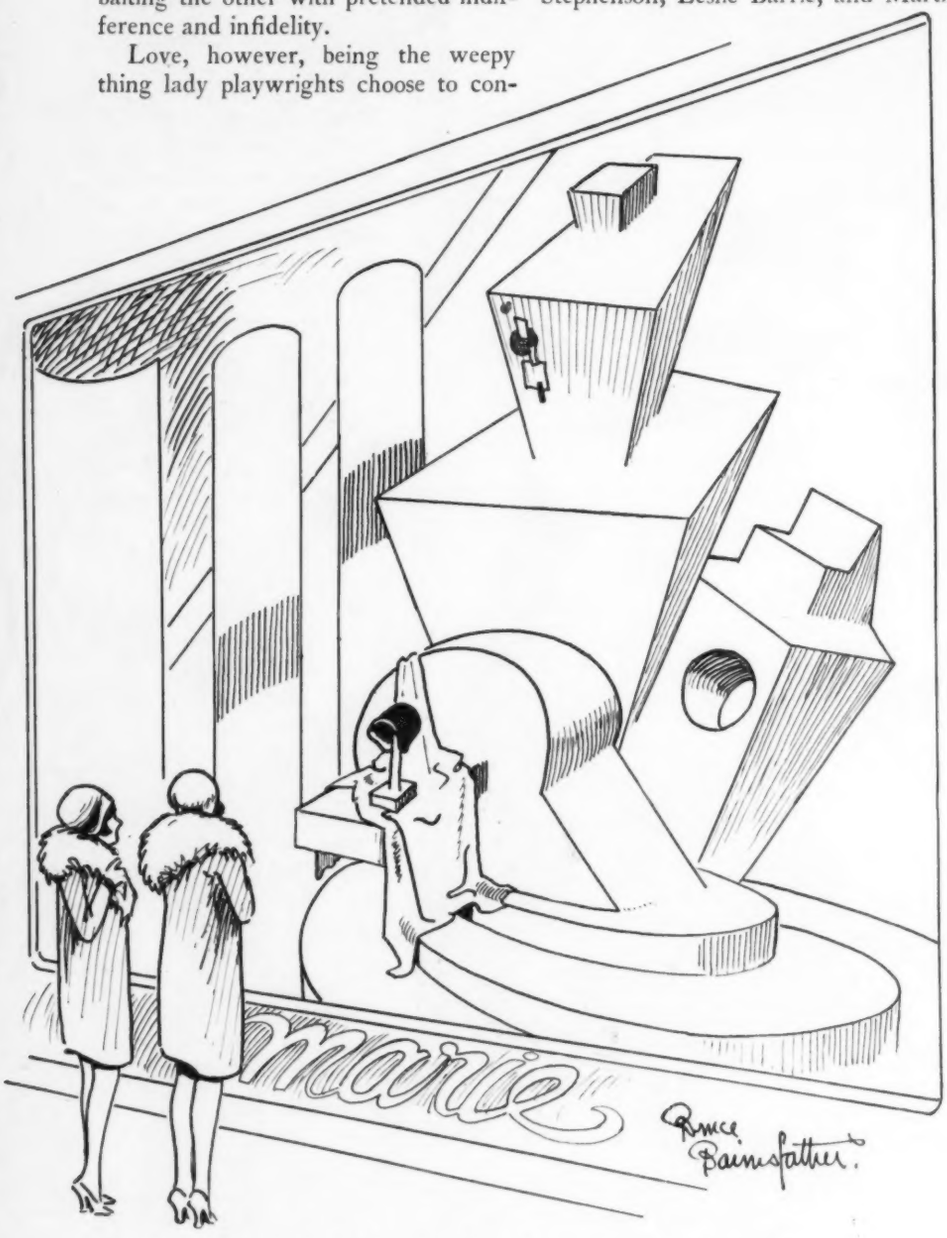
played by Ethel Barrymore, at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, is a sad experience.

A *femme fatale* and a *mâle conquérant* have been attracted to each other for years, but the lady has refused to meet the gentleman (they are called He and She on the program) because he was responsible for the suicide of a friend of hers. Finally Fate (working through the rusty mechanics of a chair behind a screen, to which the lady has retired to rest, only to overhear a scene between the gentleman and another girl) throws them together. They profess indifference to each other, but each claims that indifference is the great desideratum in a love affair, and they agree to have a love duel, a passionate liaison which shall be considered lost by the one whose heart becomes really involved. This they proceed to do, each baiting the other with pretended indifference and infidelity.

Love, however, being the weepy thing lady playwrights choose to consider it, they are both just marionettes with breaking hearts, and when the lady finally dismisses the gentleman with a light laugh, though she has just learned (through the diagnosis of a psychoanalyst who has seen her faint) that she is to have a child by him, the audience is supposed to be blubbering sympathetically.

There's a reconciliatory last act, eight months later, in a small room of a Swiss châlet, all full of suffering.

Miss Barrymore, looking very like the Sargent portrait of herself, gives an impression of glamour and wit which makes "The Love Duel" endurable. Louis Calhern, who seems to have broken through the curious glaze which used to surround his acting, gives an excellent performance as the gentleman. Ferdinand Gottschalk, Henry Stephenson, Leslie Barrie, and Martin Burton provide four creditable admirers, and Dorothy Hall, as a Continental Lorelei Lee, strikes the full, sharp note of Riverside Drive. Some of the minor casting is terrific.



"Yes, but will it look as swell when you get it home?"

"BEFORE YOU'RE 25," by Kenyon Nicholson, at the Maxine Elliott, is a mixture of a good, though rather tardy, farce-comedy, and a dull and obvious farce.

Its title comes from a saying (new to me) that if you aren't a socialist before you're twenty-five you have no heart; if you're one afterwards, you have no head.

Its hero is Clement Corbin, a young radical whose radicalism bursts on his Chicago family in a series of explosions.

An ambulance drives to their door and a mother and newborn child are carried into the house, Clement accompanying them. Clement explains that he and his wife were on their way to California when the child arrived on the train. His mother's comparatively mild hysteria at this is followed by higher hysterics when she learns that he has come from the East to escape arrest for publishing a magazine banned from the mails, and by a faint when he reveals that he and his wife aren't really married.

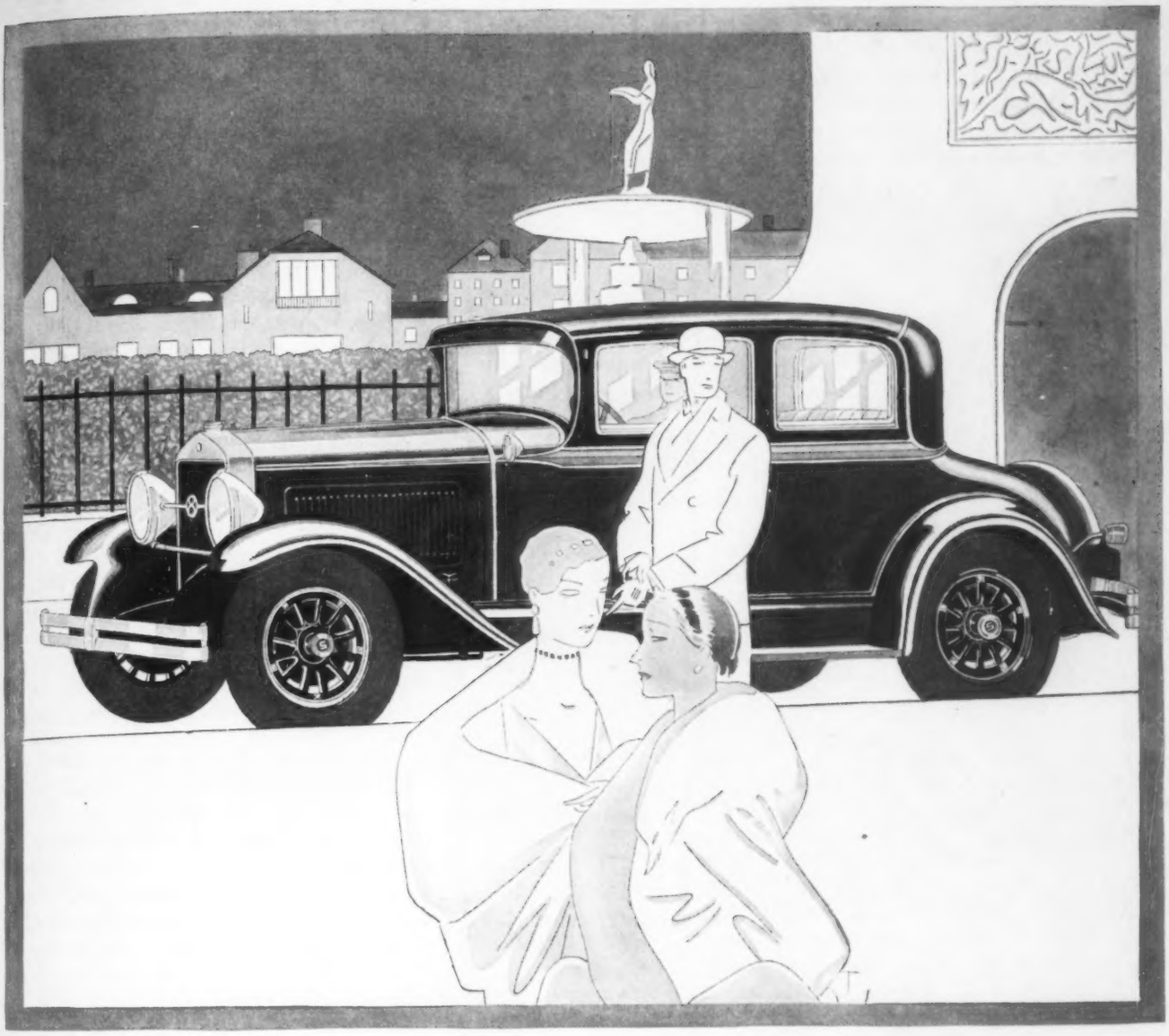
The rest of the play is concerned with getting Clement across the great divide of twenty-five, from being a half-baked fanatic to being an intelligent member of society.

Typical of the bad-farce note I mentioned is the first-act curtain, which shows the triumphal entry of an improbable procession bearing Clement's birthday cake, and the champagne ordered as a reception to this prodigal son, just as his mother has gone into her first swoon. I can only explain my adjective "tardy" by saying that having a lovable young radical for a hero struck me as slightly flyblown.

There are some delightful performances in "Before You're 25." Josephine Hull, as is her custom, gives the best as Clement's mother, Eric Dressler is serious and engaging as Clement, Fritz Williams more than satisfactory as his father, Mildred McCoy very pleasant as Joan Abbott, and Ernest Glendinning effective as a new-style clergyman.

There's a quaint literary butler in "Before You're 25" and there was one in "The Camel." I am very tired of quaint literary butlers.

—CHARLES BRACKETT



The Commander Victoria for Four—with six-cylinder motor, $1375; with straight-eight motor, $1525. Prices at the factory—bumpers and spare tire extra.

THE spirit of swift and tireless motion was never so gracefully expressed as in today's Champion Studebakers. Never before had coachcraft the inspiration of such motor car performance, for Studebaker holds *every* official stock car record for endurance and speed. Sinewy endurance—silken smoothness of power-flow—velvet travel-ease—all are strikingly apparent in the poised and eager beauty of these smart, modern motor cars. They are true Champions—these great Studebaker Eights and Sixes —and their looks reveal it. Their behaviour proves it. And Studebaker One-Profit prices, today more than ever before, set the thoroughbred qualities of the new Studebakers into still stronger relief.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ROPERS

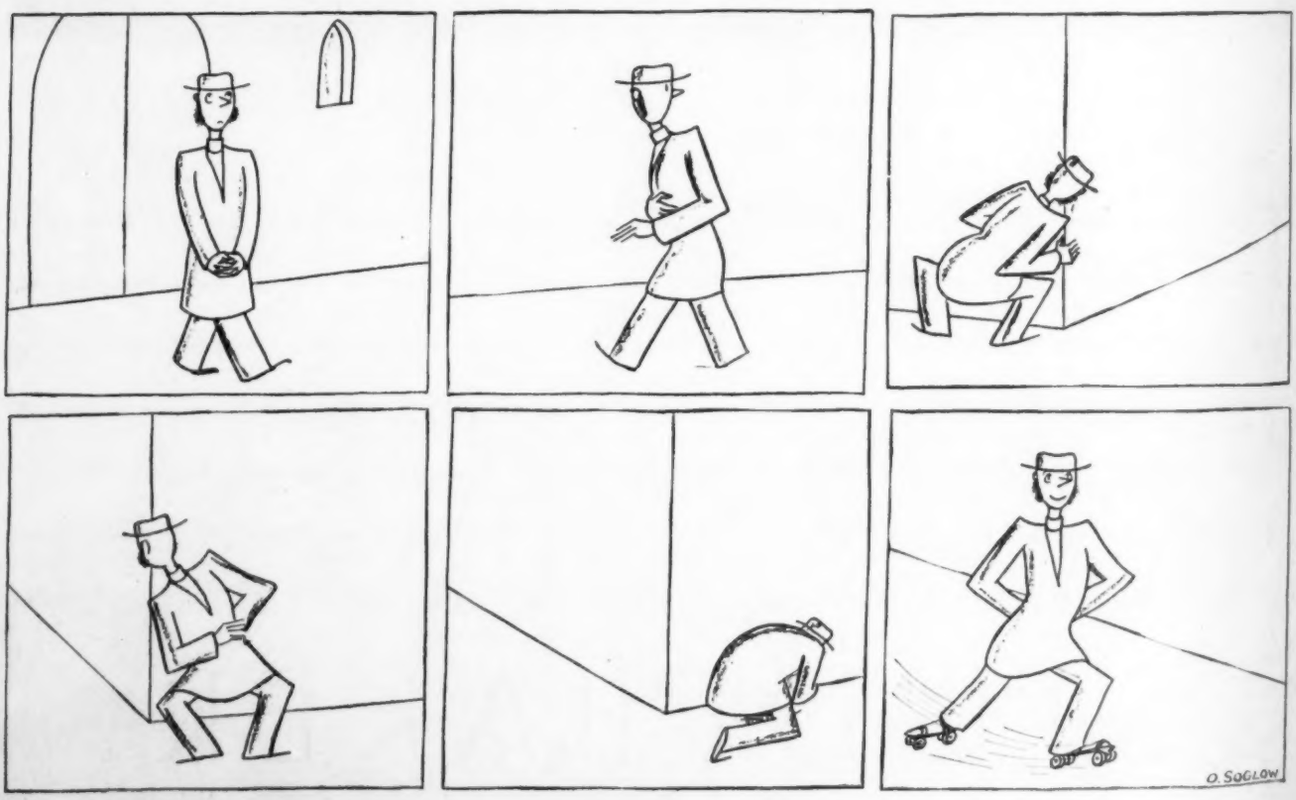
VAL O'FARRELL has collected statistics which prove that private detectives are the most virtuous of professional men—there are proportionately fewer of them in jail than doctors, lawyers, and clergymen. Yet the private detectives are not entirely satisfied with themselves. Last January representatives of most of New York City's three hundred agencies met to form an association with a constitution and by-laws, a Will Hays, an annual dinner, and a grievance committee to disbar agencies that were not doing the right thing. The association broke up because of suspicions that it was a plot of the big agencies to disbar the little agencies.

New efforts are now being made to organize and heighten the moral beauty of the calling. It is to be made unethical to blackmail one's own client. It is to be made unprofessional to dangle a gigolo at a woman in order to create grounds for divorce. Manufacturing evidence and stealing the other agency's client are to be breaches of the code.

There are plausible arguments in favor of these reforms. One is that judges and juries now discount the testimony of private detectives to a large degree. Another argument is the loss of fat fees because so many people would rather be blackmailed, cheated, and robbed than fall into the hands of private detectives. Obviously there are undesirables in the profession, although authorities differ as to their number. The official crime commissions, of which there are an astonishing number, are giving attention to the subject because it is perceived that private detecting is one of the country's vital industries. The nation's police departments seem to be abdicating and offer very little opposition to the brainy crooks. The forgers, defaulters, jewel thieves, blackmailers, fraudulent bankrupts, and fake claimants have no real enemies except the private detectives. Private enterprise has beaten the politically managed police departments out of one field after another. If the present tendency continues, the police will have little to do but regulate traffic and mind the perambulators in front of the five-and-ten-cent stores.

ONLY the faintest trace of coöperation exists between the police departments of different cities. Except in a few extraordinary cases, the criminal who leaves town is safe unless a nationally organized agency wants him. The Rothstein case is still a mystery because Hyman Biller and Willie Assenheim left town. If they had remained here and confessed, the whole matter might have been cleared up.

The police departments are almost barren of the higher type of detective. The agencies develop nearly all the ropers—that is, the men and women who have the ability to make the acquaintance of a subject, win his confidence, and share his secrets. These are not necessarily guilty secrets; they may be business secrets or scientific secrets. Radio manufacturers, for example, have used ropers to discover what rival manufacturers were doing. In the preparation for an important trial, the roper is often employed to empty the soul of an important witness, in order that he may be surprised later on cross-examination. While the ordinary sleuth or shadow is lucky to get six or eight dollars a day, ropers have earned as much as five hundred dollars a week. One of the best is an ex-butler, whose presence, manners, and profoundly sympathetic personality make him so valuable that no one agency can keep him on salary; he freelances, working first for one agency and then for another, when they have cases worthy of his talents. One distinguished roper, who holds all records for passing marked money to



Prof. Dr. LASZLO BERCZELLER *of Vienna*

International authority on nutrition, says:

"Yeast is one of the few foods which definitely improve health"

PROF. DR. LASZLO BERCZELLER

"Only a very little of man's food, and only particular kinds, act specifically to improve health and well-being. Yeast is one of these special foods and as such is in some respects of even greater importance to man than milk... Science has proved experimentally the life-preserving and curative properties of Yeast."

Dr. László Berczeller

The Food Canal

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. 90% of ills start here. Poisons from clogged intestines easily spread to the rest of the system. But here yeast works to combat poisons and purify the system. Keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast. Start now!

DR. BERCZELLER holds degrees from three great universities in the Old World—Munich, Strassburg, and Budapest. His own government provides him with a laboratory for research. Recently newspapers in America reported his latest contribution to mankind—the perfecting of a new, cheap and highly nutritious bean flour—expected to help relieve the economic distress of Central Europe.

In calling yeast "one of the few foods which definitely improve health," Dr. Berczeller adds his distinguished opinion to the almost universal advocacy of yeast for health.

Poor digestion, that tired feeling, nervousness, colds, complexion ills—all are symptoms of a system weakened by constipation, doctors say. To keep the intestines clean, active, and healthy, half the doctors reporting in a recent survey throughout America said they prescribed the fresh food—yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast it contains millions of active, living yeast plants. As these pass through your intestines daily they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one before or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or hot—not hotter than you can drink. To benefit fully you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. Y-96, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

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This spring, Packard is completely attuned to the new season. Trim, jaunty and fleet of line . . . harmoniously gay and smartly turned out . . . with a world of thrilling power under its graceful hood.

See the open car as only Packard can interpret it! Roadsters, touring cars, phaetons and double duty convertibles are offered in all three models of the new Packard Eights . . . as well as superb custom-built Packards by renowned coach builders.

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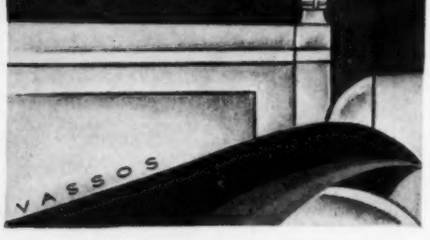
Ask the man who owns one



legislators, graduated into Wall Street and is rich.

Domestic service is a great detective school. Many valets, footmen, butlers, maids, cooks, and chauffeurs, after first demonstrating their gifts by spying on their own employers, have accepted permanent employment with detective agencies. Domestic research in the best neighborhoods is carried on largely within the household. The roper seldom approaches anybody directly. If he wishes to make contact with a valet, for instance, he will shadow him for a time, get acquainted with his acquaintances, and be introduced by a common friend. If the valet reacts encouragingly to hints, formal negotiations are started.

Private detectives are recruited from various walks of life. The police-department training does not produce good private detectives, as a rule. The city detective leans too heavily on the shield, revolver, and blackjack, the rubber hose, the third degree, and the majesty of the law; he loses adaptability and finesse. The private detective cannot make arrests without justification in the expectation of mauling a confession from his prisoner; suits for false imprisonment are too expensive.

NEW YORK's archaic divorce statute is the Klondike of the private agencies. If any serious attempt is ever made to modernize it, the lobby of clerics and sleuths that will gather at Albany will be one of the sights of the time. The average divorce case is a simple matter of shadowing. Sometimes, however, the suspects are extremely cautious; some have even hired private detectives to shadow their shadowers and protect their trysts. Last December a wary couple, who had baffled spotters for a long time, were trapped in a house in Brooklyn

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PLATINUM-TONE CASE
ROUGE AND POWDER,
COMPLETE WITH
MIRRORS AND PUFFS
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NOW OBTAINABLE IN
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QUARTER OUNCE PERFUME
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REFILLABLE CASE

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JASMIN DE CORSE
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Constant assurances of being at one's best ~ a COTY Double Compacte, *and a subtle little flacon of* COTY Perfume *in its* Metal Case. *Exquisite, sophisticated, they are an ever present source of help in life's most telling moments.*

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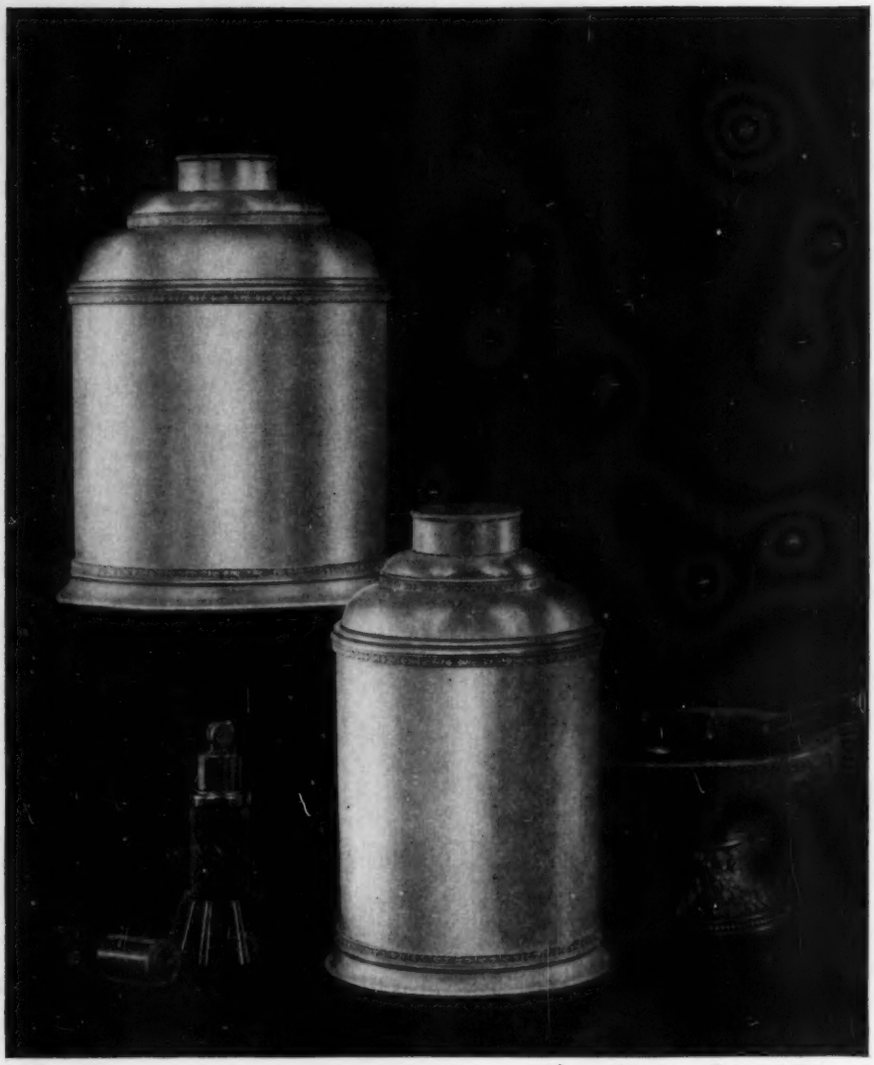

Accessories courtesy Benson & Hedges

This set of silver-plated Rumidors, designed for a prominent business man, a judge of good cigars and equally critical of pipe tobacco, proved two important facts to his complete satisfaction: cigars and tobacco can now be kept mellow and moist, no matter how long they last; and Rumidors, thanks to their modern design, add immeasurably to the appearance of a certain smoking table that formerly called forth unkind remarks.

These special models, and many others in metals and exclusive leathers, on sale at the better shops, $3.50 to $100.

Sponsored in Europe by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.

If your favorite shop can't supply you, four Rum Refills are waiting here for your dollar bill.

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Please mail 4 refills, $1.00 enclosed.

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Heights where an agency had traced them by using eleven automobiles in maneuvres so complicated that the vigilant couple never saw one on their trail long enough to become suspicious of it. There is not so much faking of divorce evidence today. It is too dangerous. The maxim of the seasoned private detective is always, "Remember, other people may be as smart as we are."

Private detectives are the only antidote for blackmailers. The victim must either submit to extortion, or hire detectives to make a counter-attack. Nearly all blackmailers are vulnerable and disappear at the first show of fight, but the victim is apt to believe that he is only multiplying the blackmailers when he engages detectives. However, private detectives are to be found who are paragons of discretion and loyalty. They not infrequently protect the identity of their client even from their own operatives. Both shadowers and ropers are often pawns in a game which they do not understand.

Ruining a witness, in order to undermine his testimony at a future trial, is an interesting specialty. This usually means working up the biography of the witness, with special reference to points that might embarrass or discredit him; sometimes it means more than that. In the proceeding in Westchester County against the late Thomas Mott Osborne, for instance, an important witness against him was a physician. A roper, posing as the salesman of a violet-ray machine, cultivated the physician, got him interested in the machine, and made him a present of one in return for a letter saying that he had used the apparatus for five years with great benefit to his clients. The apparatus had only been invented the year before, and the testimonial was used against the physician on cross-examination so as to destroy his credibility completely. When a physician is to give medical testimony in a damage suit, it is a routine measure for the other side to tempt him to make an exaggerated report on the condition of another injured man, in the hope of convincing the jury that the doctor is a professional exaggerator.

HEADS of successful agencies differ as to the value of lady detectives. Jacob Mintz, former secretary of the International Secret Service Association, in a speech to a detectives' convention at Atlantic City, stated one of the common objections as follows:

PACKARD

James Monroe, in his famous doctrine, formulated America's policy of independent action and freedom from outside interference.

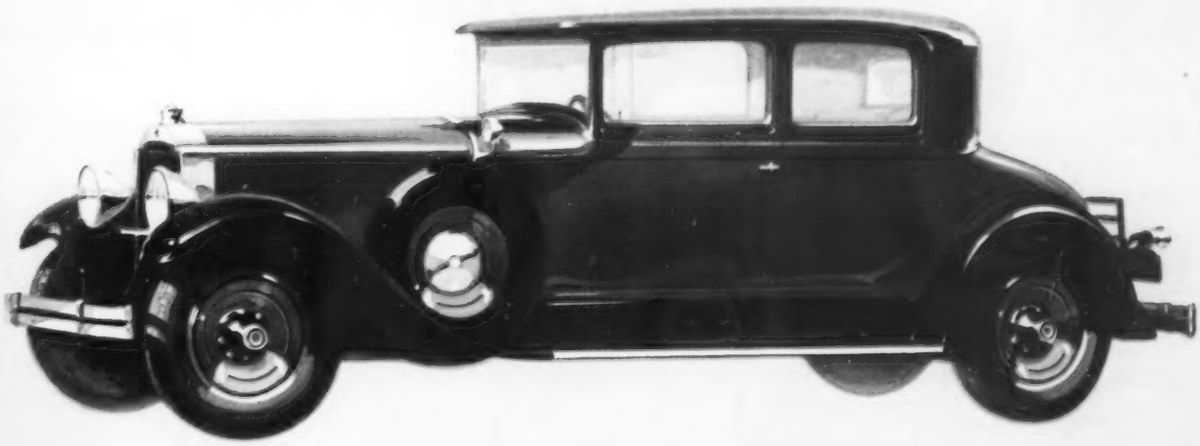
From its inception the Packard company has been independent — free to follow its own policies in seeking its chosen destiny.

In 30 years there have been no entangling alliances—there has been no interference from outside influence, no change of purpose. And Packard's world-supremacy is the result.

Packard has achieved for its product an outstanding and unchallenged leadership in the fine car field. This has been its sole aim. The beauty and originality of Packard design, the superiority of Packard engineering, the superb performance of Packard cars could only be achieved through such singleness of purpose.

That Packard independence of policy and action will continue, that Packard has the means and the intention to remain supreme, is assured by its chief executive: "We have made our own way from the beginning. We have created a position for ourselves and a reputation that is distinctive and unique. We do not intend to surrender either."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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The letters "B", "V" and "D" alone are merely three letters of the alphabet. But together they stand for the greatest Underwear Value in terms of Style, Comfort and Quality a man's money ever bought. Before you accept a garment look for this famous trio of letters on the label.

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B.V. D. PRODUCTS

UNION SUITS • COAT SHIRTS • PULL-OVER SHIRTS • KNEE DRAWERS • SHORTS

"I had a woman detective once who seemed to have every qualification, but she lacked the most essential—common sense. I sent her out to catch a crook, and she caught him and married him."

That has happened often. One of the ablest women in the business roped a wife-poisoner, destroyed the evidence against him, and led him to the altar. A woman detective spoiled an elaborate political investigation at Pittsburgh by becoming nervous and irrelevantly firing five shots at a hotel porter. Nevertheless, it is admitted that there are some good women detectives. The manager of one of the oldest and most reputable agencies in New York City is a woman. She makes it a rule, however, never to use a woman to rope a man, or a man to rope a woman, for fear that romance will step in and ruin everything.

MANY women detectives are widows. The work requires freedom from home ties and some knowledge of the world. One roper of unusual attainments was the widow of a British diplomat who had been minister to one of the most important countries to the south of us. She distinguished herself by the manner in which she smothered a huge damage suit. The woman who brought the suit was a regular visitor at a Turkish bath. The diplomat's widow went there, too. A Turkish-bath friendship was struck up and ripened swiftly. The roper told a few secrets; then her friend told a few. That was enough to kill the damage suit. A patient piece of roping was required to discover by lawful means the contents of a document on file in a lawyer's office. A girl detective was sent daily to a luncheonette where a lawyer's girl secretary ate. The young roper was instructed to allow weeks to pass before she made any advances. Finally, the two young women became acquainted, and in time they were chums. Nearly a year was spent in cautiously cementing this friendship. One day a strange woman joined them at lunch, pretended to recognize the secretary, called her employer a crook, and said that a certain document would prove it. The secretary argued hotly in defence of her employer, but the woman left unconvinced. The secretary, still

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NOT mere swank prompted this inordinately good looking Hartmann Shoe Case. It's gloriously convenient . . . marvelously practical. Its adjustable compartments on both upper and lower decks graciously accommodate ten pairs of your favorite shoes—wrapped in downy white protecting flannels. No jamming—no squeezing—no scratching. Everything ship-shape . . . ready for the world tour . . . or a week-end.

See it . . . and at the same time the new Hartmann Hat Trunk to match . . . 35 to 40 pounds lighter in weight than the ordinary hat trunk . . . the most ingenious and likeable affair of its kind you've ever seen.

Both are finished in swagger tan canvas grain Ducord with regimental striping. Price—Shoe Case $45.00; Hat Trunk $50.00.

At the Better Shops and Department Stores

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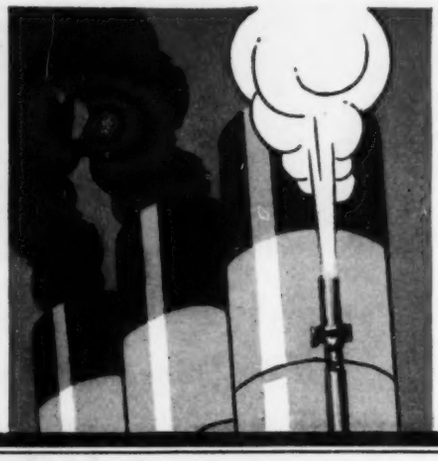

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Scene: *any smart sailing* —colorful crowds... gay chatter... dignified Ship's Officers... smiling stewards ... lingering farewells... dashing messengers... Park & Tilford Steamer Baskets ..... *all ashore!*

Priced from $5. to $50.

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excited and anxious to vindicate her employer to somebody, insisted on going to the office, taking the document from the file, and showing it to her chum.

Some women who have other sources of income occasionally work as ropers, collecting the gossip of their circles as it may bear on a "case," or courting persons possessing coveted information. There are people who take employment of this kind for the poor joy of gathering data on other people's affairs. The agencies reason that the lady freelance receives a handsome reward in thrills, and they usually pay her very little in cash.

THE business used to be plagued by violent feuds between different agencies, the most sensational of which was the O'Farrell-Burns war in 1916. Val O'Farrell felt that he was getting a little excess competition from William J. Burns. By way of retaliation, he walked into a lawyer's office one night when Burns was rifling a desk. O'Farrell had taken the precaution to bring District Attorney Swann and several policemen along with him. Burns was indicted, tried, and convicted, despite his plea that he was tracing a German plot and acting with official authority; but his conviction was overturned by a higher court. There is still some spoiling and stealing of cases, but most of the agencies live in harmony. In fact, in the handling of recent industrial strife, the agencies have set an example to the nations of the world. It is this way—when one agency is hired to furnish guerrillas to beat up strikers, the work is honestly done; but when a second agency is hired by the other side to break the heads of the first agency's guerrillas, a peace is concluded. Both agencies withdraw their guerrillas. As long as both strikers and employers continue to pay their fees, peace is maintained.

Private detectives may have their weaknesses, but, if they were suddenly abolished, forgers, perjurers, blackmailers, and confidence-men would soon be dividing the whole country among themselves.—ALVA JOHNSTON

•

It is now 2 A.M.
and I have just finished
THE ART OF
THINKING
—Book adv. in the Times

Too late to do anything about it tonight. Better go to bed.

. . . and so to bed . . . late . . . too much supper . . . wish

I could get to sleep . . . bad dreams . . . business worries . . .

dog barks . . . baby cries . . . time to get up . . . jangled nerves

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— *then* is the time your skin needs the comfort of a fresh Gillette Blade

THE NEW FIFTY BOX
Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 Packets of fives) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case . . . Ideal as a gift, too. Five dollars at your dealer's.

THERE are mornings when a fresh Gillette Blade is better than any pick-me-up you can name.

And there are mornings when your beard is as tough and blue as your state of mind; when the hot water faucet runs cold and your shaving cream is down to the last squeeze and you scarcely have time to lather anyway; mornings when all the cards seem stacked against your Gillette. But slip in a fresh blade. Enjoy the same smooth, clean shave that you get on the finest morning.

You have to go through the Gillette factory to understand how it's possible to pack so much dependable shaving comfort into a razor blade.

There you see some $12,000,000 worth of machinery invented and improved continuously for twenty-five years for just one purpose: to make the Gillette Blade — *every* Gillette Blade — do its smooth, expert job *every* morning for the thirty million Americans who count on it.

There you see in operation the unique system which makes four out of nine Gillette blade department workers inspectors — paid a bonus for every defective blade they discard.

At least a dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. But the Gillette blade doesn't change. It is the *one* constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ ★ ★ **Gillette**

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE GENTLE JULIANS

IT was in the Autumn of 1918 in the enlisted men's Y. M. C. A. at Bar-le-Duc, that I joined the Gentle Julians. It was a chill and cheerless day, I remember, relieved only by the news that a fresh consignment of Camels had arrived at the canteen, where they could be had for three francs forty centimes a carton, and that, in the air raid the night before, the bomb that fell through the roof of the bordello had—you can imagine the general hilarity!—killed an M.P.

Two large, ruddy, kind-faced, flat-heeled American women had been up since daybreak, ladling cocoa into an endless line of doughboys. I finally got me a messcup full of this pleasant beverage, and, having found a torn fragment of a magazine wherewith to tidy up my corner of the table, I was sipping it elegantly and, as ever, looking for something to read with my meal. The only literature within reach was the aforesaid scrap of paper. So I read that. It contained one undamaged paragraph, wherein someone disposed effectually of those rabid food-conservationists back home who were writing to the papers urging that dogs be killed as parasites. With a Velasquez available, these stern economists would burn it rather than go chilly, not having noticed how wasteful the Creator is proved to be when He made themselves.

"They take the strictly intestinal view of life," the paragraph went on to say. "It is not intelligent; parasite bacilli will get them in the end."

I AM able even now to quote it exactly, because I came upon it again on the Rhine, in a stray copy of what proved to be *Collier's*, wherein I found intact Booth Tarkington's chronicle of Gamin, the French poodle that stormed the citadel of that aged and peculiar man, the father of Julia Atwater; the poodle that, seemingly turned out by some frenzied topiarian, had a bang like a black chrysanthemum, eyes like winking garnets, and a clown's heart so golden that he sometimes reminded Mr. Tarkington of the Jongleur of Notre Dame. This chapter from the history of Gamin, at once so touching and so magnificently comic, seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, one of the great dog stories of the world, fit company on the shelf for the noble tale of "Rab and His Friends," for Mr. Ollivant's "Bob, Son of Battle" and for "The Bar Sinister" by Richard Harding Davis of blessed memory.

It was not until three or four years later that I renewed my acquaintance with Gamin, when I found that his adventure at the Atwaters was but part of a new, or at least newly assembled, book called "Gentle Julia," which, after many readings and many artful efforts to seduce me into infidelity, remains the book I most cherish out of all that Mr. Tarkington has written. I suppose it is not so distinguished a work as the unforgettable "Alice Adams," which is a brilliant novel, even if it did win the Pulitzer Prize. I know it is not, by a long shot, the Tarkington book which has been most widely sold, as anyone would know who had come upon the reprint of the Penrod stories in every book-stall in Europe. But in the hearts of the Gentle Julians it has a place all its own.

For there is that about this chronicle of the Atwaters which creates a fraternity among those who delight in it. It would take a longer examination than there is room for on this page to inquire what quality it is in certain books which creates such a fraternity—such a society, for instance, as the Janeites, of which Mr. Kipling is the recording secretary. Myself, I belong to several, as monstrously varied in character as if a man were to list the Knickerbocker and the Hudson Dusters among his New York clubs. I am, for instance, an old "Wuthering Heights" boy. Recently, in London, Sir James Barrie was talking about the late Thomas Hardy. He had found only one shortcoming in Hardy. It seems the fellow had never read "Wuthering Heights." At which sentiment my sense of brotherhood with Barrie transcended any mere Hands-Across-the-Sea emotion. I felt as if he had given me the grip.

SUCH wildly disparate works as "Wuthering Heights," "Moby Dick," "Bunker Bean" and perhaps (though it is too early to say), "Death Comes for the Archbishop," have the power to create such fraternities. I have attended a good many informal meetings of the Gentle Julians. I saw Kathleen Norris at one. She is a life member. Recently she bought a copy for a friend at a second-hand book store at the cost of a quarter—easy come, easy go—but, just as she was about to present it, glanced once more into its familiar pages and decided she needed it herself to sustain her through an impending journey. That night there were several complaints to the porter about the mystery of Lower 10, from behind the curtains of which recess there kept issuing at intervals peals of maniacal Irish laughter.

Another Gentle Julian in good standing is Edna Ferber. Just as my grandfather's conversation was never quite intelligible to anyone who did not know Dickens, so only the addicts of "Gentle Julia" are not too shocked when Miss Ferber describes any group of her neighbors as vile things upon whom she would not wipe the oldest pair of shoes in the world, nor too puzzled when she declares that the King of Spain is her very ideal and that she would marry him tomorrow.

THESE Tarkington tales are fond. Even in their most devastating passages they are clearly the work of one who absurdly retains a liking for the human race. The human race, surprised and gratified, reciprocates, and has therefore listened hungrily all Winter for any news of the operations on its friend's eyes. Not that the blindness had stayed his hand. A dictated novel called "Young Mrs. Greeley," which has been running in *The Ladies Home Journal*, is in his best vein. But it is good to know—it is heartwarming to know—that he will see the flowers in his garden at Kennebunkport this Summer and the blue of the sea beyond.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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Her own personal loveliness is enhanced by a wonderfully beautiful skin. She says: "That lovely well-cared-for look—how we do prize it on the stage! And I find Lux Toilet Soap delightful for keeping my skin immaculately well cared for—softly smooth and radiant."

almost finished my shopping. Will arrive at your place on the four-ten, Saturday.

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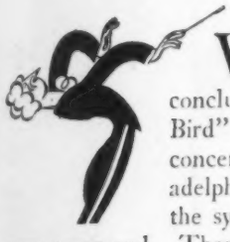
MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Season Goes into Mothballs

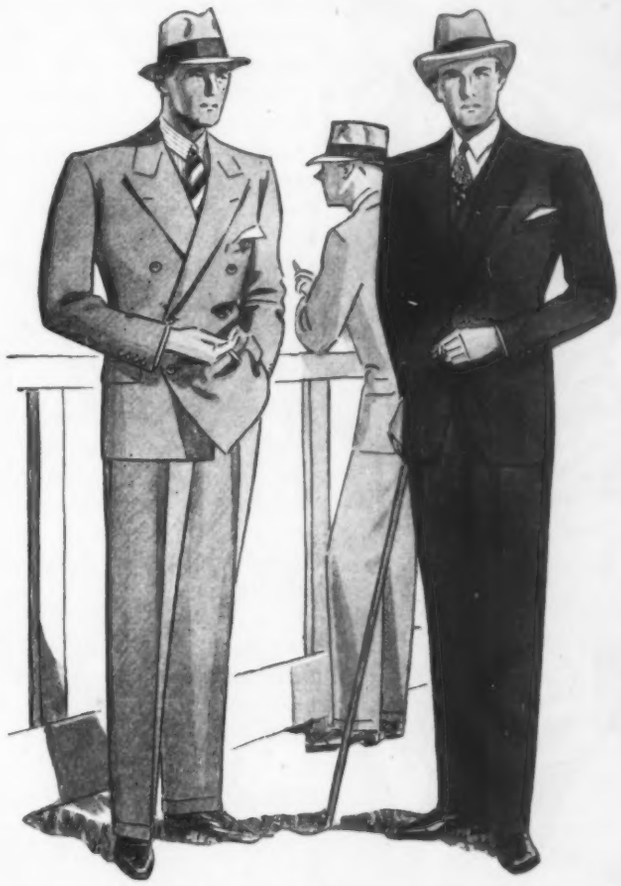


WHEN Mr. Stokowski concluded the "Fire Bird" suite at the last concert of The Philadelphia Orchestra, the symphonic season came to an end. There may remain a few ambitious choral events, involving large orchestras, but knowing from experience the explosive nature of such concerts, it is safe to assert that it's all over but the shouting.

The time has come to derive some sort of helpful moral (and this is not redundant, because most morals really are superfluous) from the orchestral year. Has the amalgamation of the Philharmonic and Symphony Societies stifled local competition and turned the Philharmonic-Symphony sessions into routine drills? Has the succession of guest conductors impaired the skill of the Philharmonic-Symphony and Philadelphia bands? Has the American Symphonic Ensemble, the much-publicized conductorless orchestra, taught us that directors are only a luxury?

Almost like a well-trained junior executive, I answer "No." The competition between the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic was, in recent years, largely imaginary. The unusually long list of novelties produced by the Philharmonic-Symphony is evidence of the industry of its leaders, if not necessarily of their discernment. The Philharmonic-Symphony under the Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini sounded much like the erstwhile Philharmonic under Messrs. Mengelberg and Toscanini, and, except for occasional lapses in the celebrated "luminosity" of the Philadelphia fiddles, Mr. Stokowski's men performed for him as they had in other years. The conductorless orchestra, which turned out to be not entirely without a leader in view of the activity of its concertmasters, proved that good instrumentalists are capable of doing nicely without the flourish of a baton. How much better it might have sounded with a first-rate maestro is not difficult to estimate.

AS for the guest conductors, they came and went with startling rapidity, and under the circumstances



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none of them did themselves justice. Still, it is not essential that some conductors do justice to themselves. The best argument against the guest-conductor system was presented whenever the Boston Symphony, which is the exclusive property of Mr. Koussevitzky, came to town—in spite of at least one Boston concert which sounded as though Mr. Koussevitzky had been converted suddenly into a guest conductor. For general sustained excellence, the Boston Symphony must be awarded first place, although the most brilliant individual evenings were those of the Philharmonic-Symphony when Mr. Toscanini was in command.

THERE were many novelties presented, and I regret that at this time I am unable to remember a great deal about most of them. The regret refers to my mnemonic shortcomings rather than to any implied slur on the novelties. The Philharmonic-Symphony novelties included the Atterberg Symphony, which won a ten-thousand-dollar prize and was later declared by its composer a hoax; three vehement contributions by Simon Bucharoff, another suite by Tansman, a dreary Berceuse of Busoni, Cassado's ready-made Catalonian Rhapsody, one of those Tommasini fabrications of which Mr. Toscanini unfortunately is fond, Honegger's synthetic "Rugby," as well as some rather more substantial offerings.

George Gershwin's "American in Paris" was a smart bit of foolery, which ought to be rescored for its own good. Berezowsky's Hebrew Suite, Wagenaar's First Symphony, and Whithorne's "Fata Morgana" were not unqualified hits, but each had some reason for a hearing. Mason's "Chanticleer" was sound stuff and is worth keeping in the repertoire. Some unfamiliar Handelian excerpts, unveiled by Mr. Mengelberg, were excellent. Mr. Respighi had three novelties on the list. "Feste Romani" came off resoundingly under Mr. Toscanini's aegis, although it must be played under some less inspired director before it can be assayed accurately. (The same notation goes for Pizzetti's Concerto dell' Estate.) The other Respighi débutants were his Toccata for the piano, which is more interesting as an exercise than as something to enjoy, and an amusing little suite, "The Birds."

Bloch's "America," introduced by Mr. Damrosch and later heard on a Boston Symphony program, seemed to me the best of the year's novelties, al-

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—confession of an opium eater five minutes after marrying a gold digger. A foxtrot by Ben Bernie. "Scrappy" Lambert supplies the local smelling salts! A wow and how! 4274.

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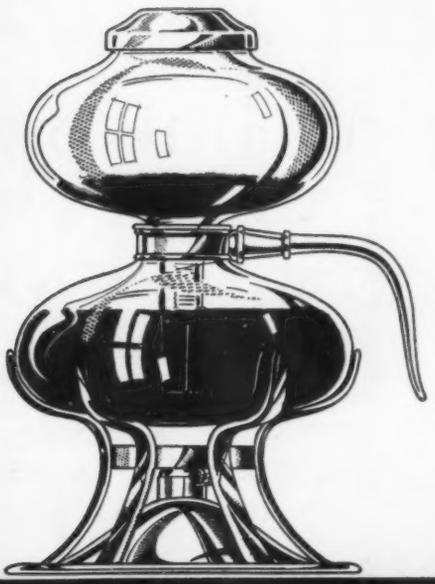

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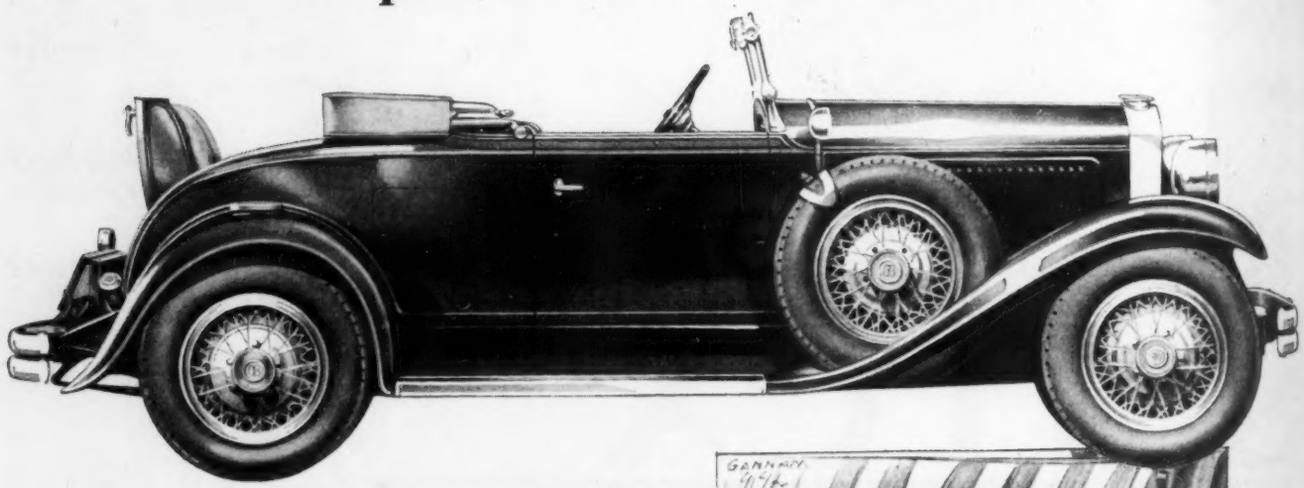

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though the attempt at community singing in the closing pages was also the most ludicrous of the year's innovations. Separated from its pontifical literary accompaniment, "America" is a masterpiece of craftsmanship and devoid of dullness. Maybe you don't think that's praise.

NEITHER Mr. Koussevitzky nor Mr. Stokowski had too much luck with "first performances." A concerto by C. P. E. Bach and a symphony said to have been composed by Frederick the Great were better than any contemporary lucubrations. The Toch piano concerto, another importation via Boston, made a stir for a few hours, and the Philadelphia novelties—well, the symphonic season is over! —R. A. S.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

Ballads and Medleys —Offerings from a List of Experts

SOME of the most attractive player-piano recordings are not classified either as standard music or as dance rolls. They are ballad arrangements and medleys. Ampico, for instance, has an excellent new selection from "Naughty Marietta," played by Adam Carroll, and a trio of Romberg waltzes, set together and performed by Edwin Lester. Speaking of Mr. Romberg, he is doing things for Duo-Art, and his own transcription of "Lover, Come Back to Me" is another recording that is not easy to put in a pigeonhole, but worth the trouble. Likewise, the "Follow Thru" medley, which Phil Ohman has made for Duo-Art.

AMONG the more serious offerings on current lists, the following are of particular moment:

AMPICO

FUNERAL MARCH (from Sonata in B-flat minor)—Chopin. Played by E. Robert Schmitz. This is dangerous business for most pianists, but Mr. Schmitz is not only level-headed, musically speaking, but also singularly aware of recording requirements. This roll should be bought as the slow movement of a sonata rather than as a funeral march.

PAPILLON (Grieg) and AU BORD D'UNE SOURCE (Liszt). Played by Alexander Brailowsky. The brilliance of the Brailowsky passages makes him an unusually fine roll originator. The two pieces here—which are in the best Brailowsky vein—are joined by an improvisation, an excel-

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lent notion, because it removes the annoying "air gap" common to rolls made up of two unrelated works.

LES SYLVAINS and AIR DE BALLET—Chaminade. Played by L. Leslie Loth. Chaminade was once out of fashion, perhaps because there were so many Chamnade clubs, but there seems to be a gradual dissipation of the prejudice against her music. If you like "salon" music, this is it, at its best.

DUO-ART

CHROMATIC FANTASY AND FUGUE—Bach. Played by Harold Bauer. A roll that every student ought to hear. This work has to be heard time and again for proper digestion (is the metaphor mixed?), and Mr. Bauer's straightforward treatment is a great aid to that digestion.

NOCTURNE IN F-SHARP MINOR (Op. 48, No. 2)—Chopin. Played by Josef Hofmann. This will appeal to two classes of collectors: Those who collect Chopin and those who collect Josef Hofmann. That seems to include almost everybody who owns a player-piano.

SHADOW DANCE—MacDowell. Played by John Powell. There be those who consider the MacDowell Etudes somewhat antiquated, but this one still is a masterpiece of its kind. Mr. Powell, as usual, does handsomely by the music.

WELTE-MIGNON

EROICA SONATA (Fourth Movement)—MacDowell. Played by Lee Pattison. This completes the issuing of this sonata, which Mr. Pattison plays superbly. It may be had in four sections, and is a valuable addition to any library.

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY (Fourth Movement)—Dvořák. Played by Carol Robinson and Richard Singer, directed by Fritz Reiner. Also a completion of a masterwork. The Reiner symphonic series is marked not only by crisp, clean playing but also by useful thematic notations on the rolls.

SPRING, BEAUTIFUL SPRING—Lincke. Played by Harry Perrella. One of the best of modern waltzes, ingeniously arrayed by the adroit Perrella. —R. A. S.

New Dance Rolls

AMPICO

CAROLINA MOON. Played by Adam Carroll.

DON'T BE LIKE THAT. Played by Victor Lane.

IF I HAD YOU. Played by Vincent Lopez ("assisted").

DE LUXE (Welte)

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT. Played by Howard Lutter.

WHEN THE WORLD IS AT REST. Played by Vee Lawnhurst.

THE ONE GIRL. Played by Jack Wehrlen.

DUO-ART

A PRECIOUS LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE. Played by Frank Milne.

I'LL NEVER ASK FOR MORE. Played by Thompson Kerr.

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE. Played by Constance Mering. —POP

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*Headline from the Evening World*]

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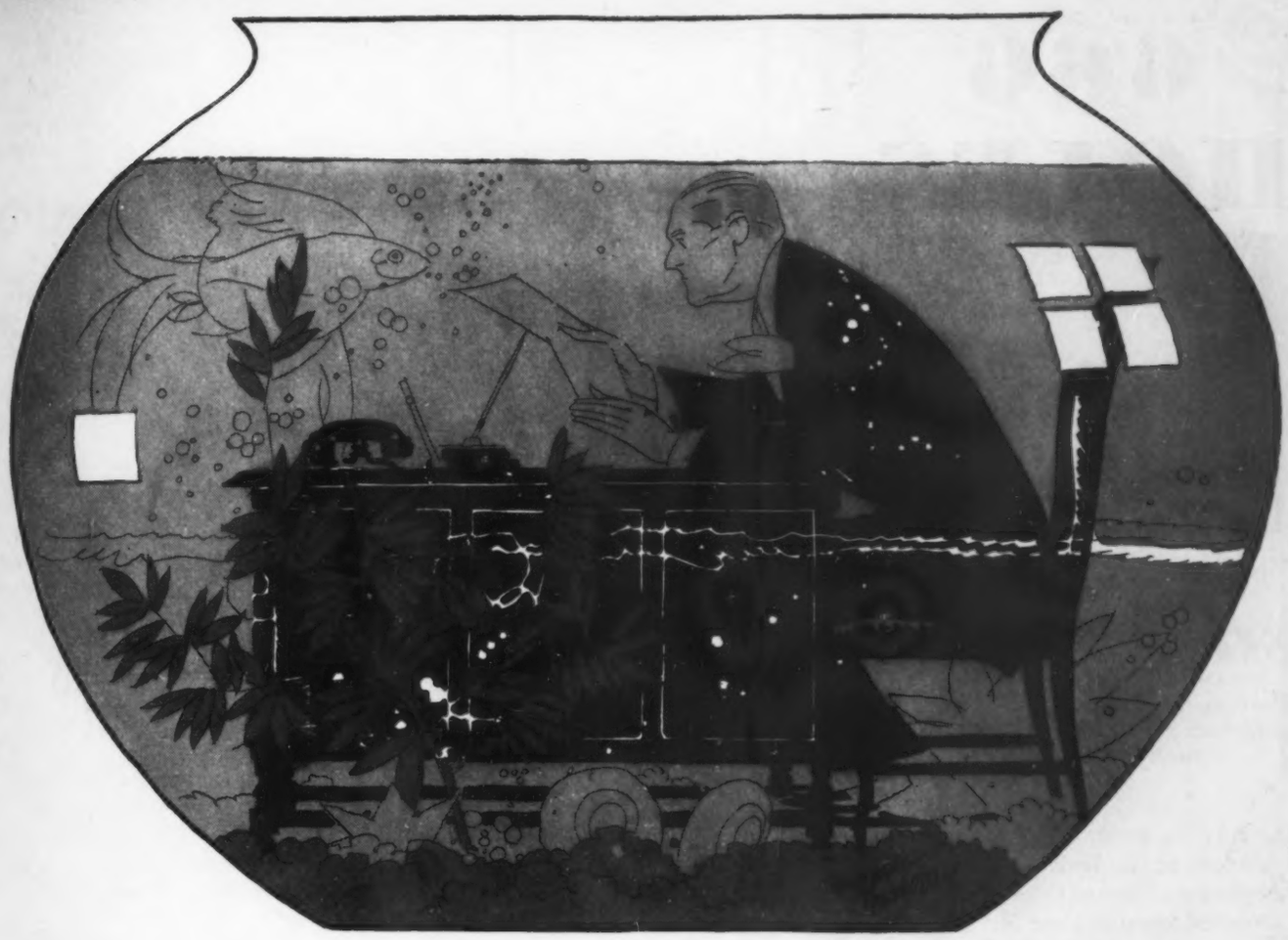

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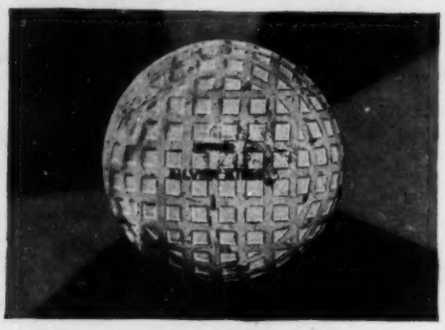

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THE United Hunts meet at Bowman Park looked like an English point-to-point, with ten thousand people wandering happily about in a cold pelting rain, fortified by Westchester hospitality and six good races. Everywhere the new spring outfit, bought especially for this great day, sallied out to its watery ruin.

Jack Bowman was completely vindicated in saying that people would come to Westchester instead of time-honored Long Island. Every well-known face in amateur racing was there; in fact, what with the addition of a large and purposeful contingent of race-track followers who are marking time till Aqueduct, the little plant was seriously overcrowded, particularly since the lawn was a quagmire.

THE first race, a hurdle event, provided a jolt for the talent when J. W. Callahan's French horse, Aramis, making his first start on this side, simply walked in at 20 to 1. The story goes that at least one well-known sportsman was on to the tune of many thousands, and only the defeat of four heavily played favorites thereafter saved the bookies from ruin.

Charlie Cushman's Eastland Farm Stable was the big success of the meeting. His colt Wrackell won the Sporting Plate, a sweepstake affair much like the coveted Saratoga Special, and bringing with it an impressive gold plate. The Rancocas Stable of Harry Sinclair, working on the principle of "business going on as usual during alterations," was second with the favorite, Zeal,

which Laverne Fator came all the way from Maryland to ride. Both Fator and the colt were much out of their element on the unfenced, rolling, grass course. The son of the mighty Zev will bear watching on the big tracks.

Not satisfied with this good effort, the Cushman stable proceeded to run Malvoisine and the old reliable Rag-

weed in the next race, two miles over brush. Scratches reduced the field to four, of which one, Crenalan, promptly shed his jockey, leaving Mrs. Dave Odell's Vocalian the impossible task of beating the stable entry. It was a pretty race though, as all three boys worked hard the entire way and the horses ran bunched.

THE race for hunters ridden by amateurs brought out the biggest field of the day, and provided such an array of riding talent that one wonders who was left to perform in the Little Grand National at Baltimore. Poor old Rock of Cashel, who has won so many of these races, and was the favorite, suffered the ignominious defeat of the unfit, for he finished a very tired last, after losing ground at every fence. Mrs. Francis Garvan, making her début at racing, had no beginner's luck at all, as Sun Up sat down at the Liverpool and parted company from Bill Sabatier. Caroline McIlwaine's Lunar, another 20-to-1 shot, ran two turns of the field a good furlong ahead of the bunch, while the silence grew more and more foreboding. Then, two fences from home, Bobby Davis came with a rush on Marbro and won

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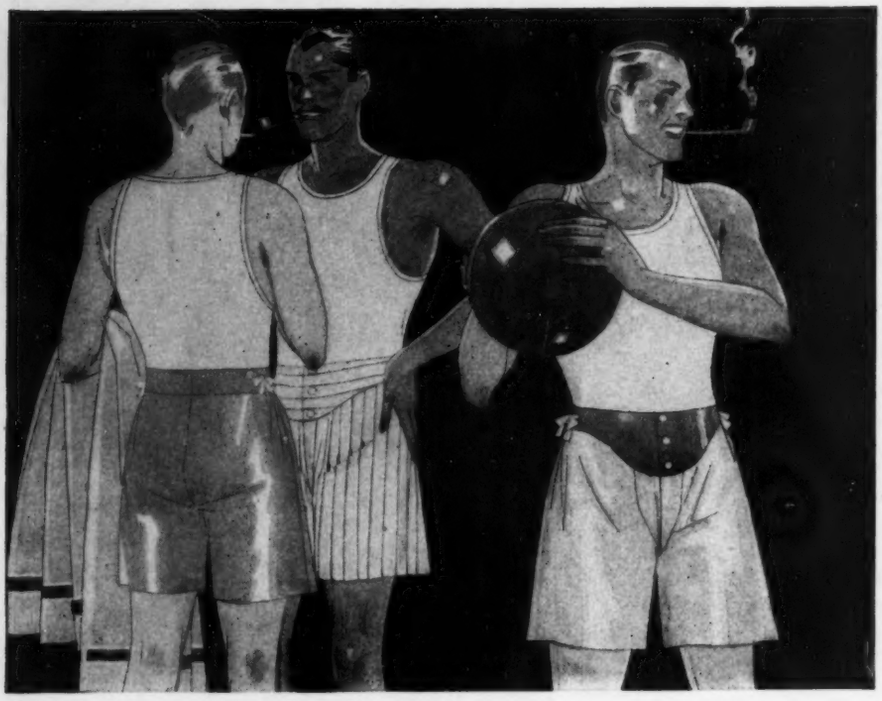

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a popular victory for Mr. A. F. Goodwin.

Freddy Bontecou had perhaps the only real hunter in the race, a wise-looking bay that gave him a nice peaceful ride around, and beat out Rock of Cashel for next-to-last place. It shows that brush races such as this are too fast for work hunters—where the certificates for most of the horses come from is a jealously guarded secret.

THIS week the timber horses come into their own when America's Grand National, the Maryland Cup, is run in Baltimore over that forbidding course of stiff big fences. The race seems an open one, with Billy Barton in England, Bon Master broken down, and Oracle and Burgoright retired. We pick Dunk's Green, if Downy Bonsal rides him; for he won at Middleburg, beating two good horses, Bullseye and Drummer Boy, and then took the measure of Alligator in the My Lady's Manor race.

NEWARK, the first robin among spring horse shows, started the season auspiciously last week, with the Holland Tunnel and the new Jersey City cutouts making the Robert Treat vs. ferry problem a mere shadow of its former self. Nothing startling in the way of new talent burst on the horizon, although Mr. Joseph Bell, from that cabalistic place Hohokus, had a pretty saddle horse in Clearview Joan, which won the novice class.

Freddy Wettach did the neatest "voluntary" of the show when Yolanda paused suddenly at a jump. She has been playing polo all winter at

• •

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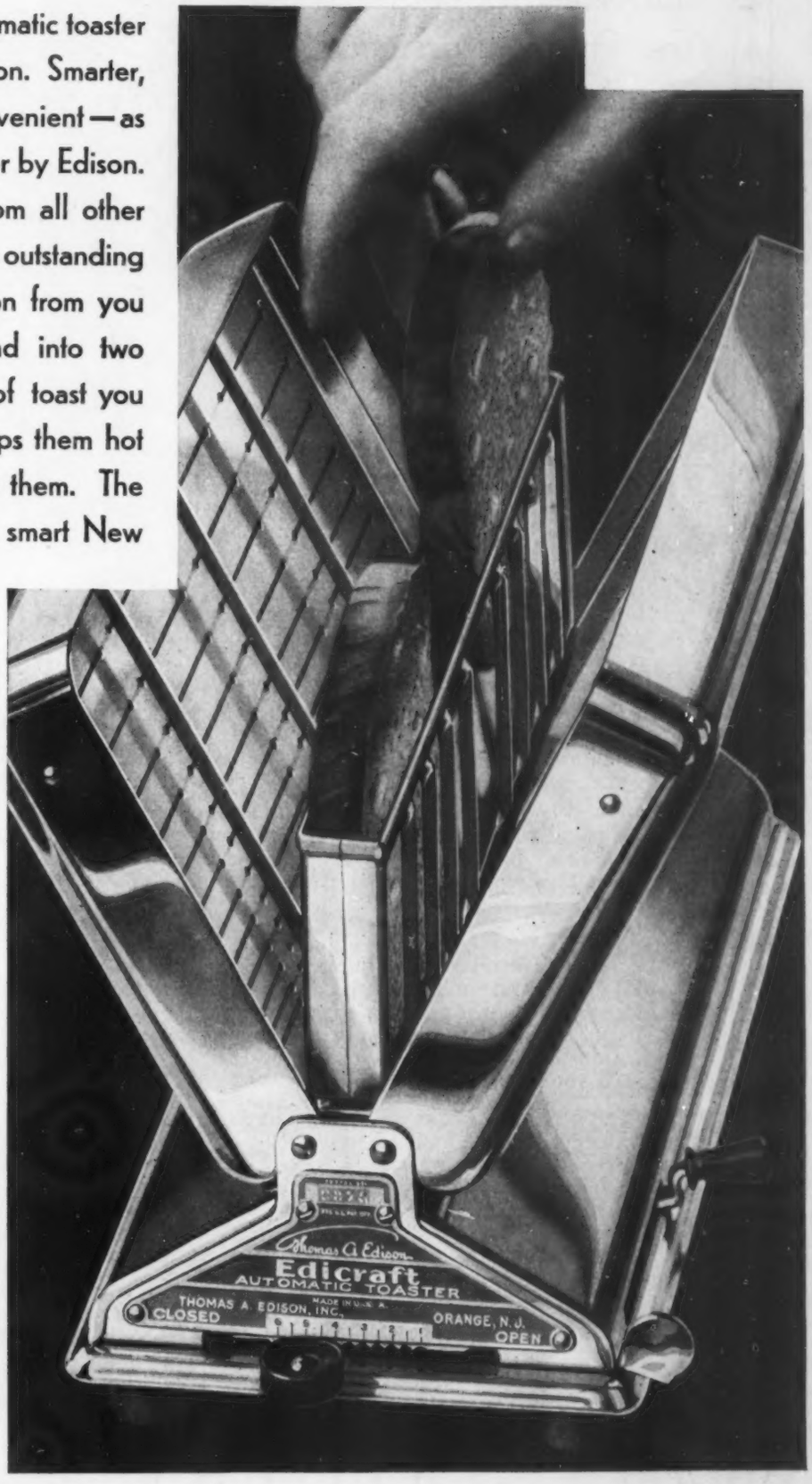

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Miami, and has practiced those short stops. When Freddy afterwards won the Scurry Stakes with The Wasp, he came in for the blue attended by a large and worshipful police dog, which trotted just under his left foot all through the triumphal progress.

Major Grove Cullum, new chief of remount service, replacing Major Scott, set an unenviable record for lengthy judging in the military classes. These consisted of National Guardsmen, and it is a good thing the Army Horse Show Team will be at Brooklyn this week to offset the current impression that everyone in khaki has terrible hands on a horse.

WE wish to report that the addition of the word "whoopee" to the national vocabulary is a boon to the railbirds, hitherto a vociferous but inarticulate crowd. Now, when anything happens in a jumping class to excite them, they can give perfect vent to their feelings with that one word, subject as it is to inflection and accent.
—TOUCH AND GO

•

PASSION VS. PASSION

"WE went to see that picture, that 'Passion of Joan of Arc' last night, Joe and me."

"Honest? Say, I want to see that picture. I been wanting to see it ever since it opened. Irv and I can go there Saturday night."

"Well, listen, Lou, you know it's not the kind of passion you think it is, Lou."

"No?"

"No, absolutely not, Lou."

"*Oh.* But I thought—"

"Yes, I know. Me and Joe too. But it ain't, positively not. Oh, it's very nice, I mean, it's very educational and all."

"Sure. Say, why don't you and Joe come with us to see Clara Bow Saturday night, huh?" —G. SCHWABE

•

HOOPLA DEPARTMENT

To The New Yorker: You will be interested to learn that The New Yorker has been selected among 6 publications for reading material on the Colonial planes between Boston and New York. We are going to have attractive leather binders with the name of the publication and the Colonial insignia imprinted in gold.
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KURZMAN

approves the chiffon print

In the delightful Kurzman frock of imported chiffon shown above, the polka dot becomes bigger and smarter. The colors are the capucine tones so good this spring—tans and reds (almost a flame red).

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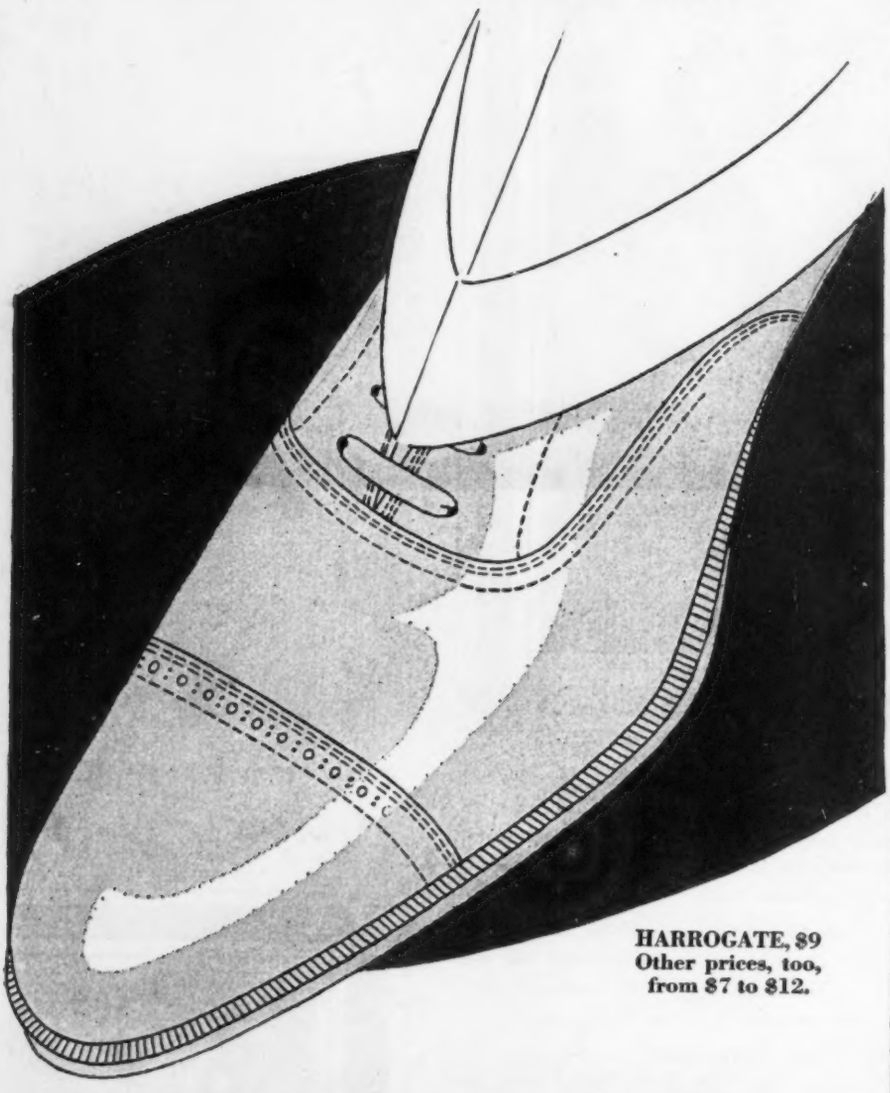

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THE RACE TRACK

Petee-Wrack Steps Out —A Fillies' Match— Colonels and Buzzers

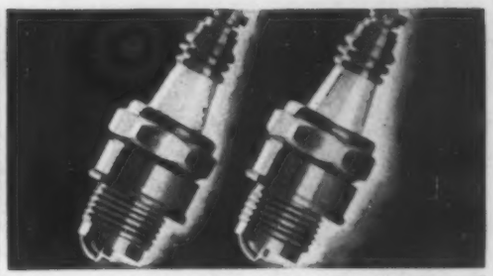
BIG things have been happening with the opening of the Jockey Club's season at Jamaica, and more big things are to come with the running of the Dixie Handicap at Pimlico next Monday, so interest will be divided until the Kentucky Derby is over and Belmont Park opens three weeks hence.

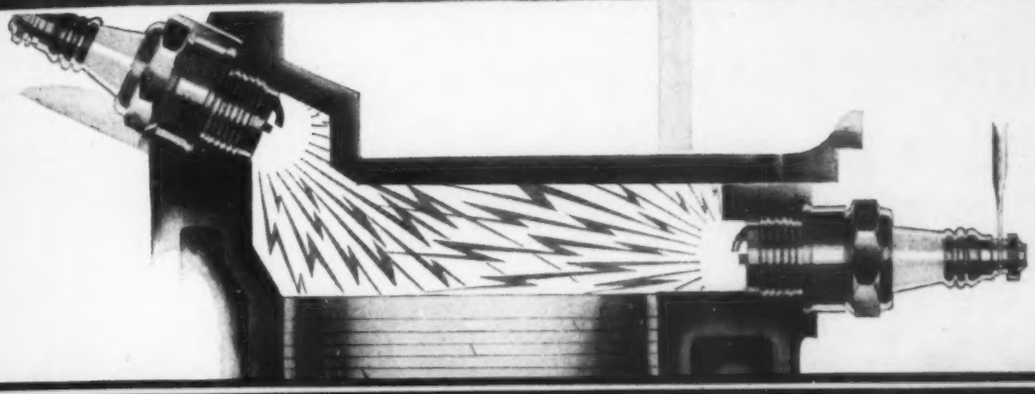
What can be described as a counter-attraction has absorbed some of my time and interest of late, at the sacrifice of a day's racing at Bowman Park under United Hunts rules. For if you are really keen on jumping it is something of a sacrifice to miss a good day in the open among the 'chasers and hurdlers.

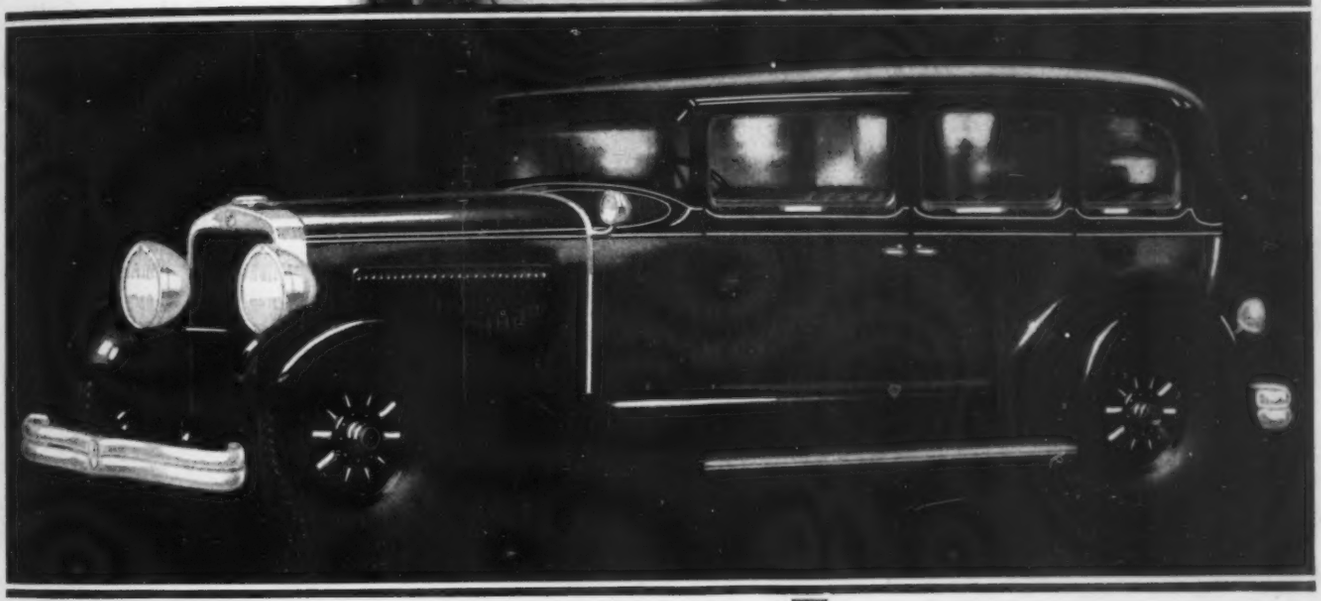
JOHN MADDEN says a good horse always runs back to his best form. This time last year I thought John R. Macomber's Petee-Wrack one of the most promising three-year-olds, but, like so many others, preparing him for the early spring fifty-thousand-dollar races knocked him out. He ran poorly in the Preakness and worse in the Kentucky Derby; but after a rest until mid-August he came back and won the Travers, the only race in which Reigh Count was beaten last season. Last week at Havre de Grace, to my sorrow, I overlooked the fact that he runs his best races when fresh, and then saw him follow the pace of E. B. McLean's Jock and the Audley Farm's Princess Tina, horses seasoned by racing, and go on to win the Philadelphia Handicap. Petee-Wrack has grown into a smashing big individual, well able to handle weight, and I think he will be one of the topsawyers of the handicap division this season and, what is more to the point, will take a deal of beating in the Dixie.

EARL SANDE did not pick a soft spot in the weather for his return to the saddle, though he may have for his horse, Hermitage. The track was ankle-deep in mud and the wind laden with a million needlepoints of rain, and Sande, with his woollens and a sweater

TWIN-IGNITION WHAT IT DOES!







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under his silks, was a pound overweight as he tightened the girth on his colt. As I wrote in these notes a fortnight ago, Sande thinks well of Hermitage, whose name he has decided not to change; and the colt did not play him false. He was never out of a canter to win from Mrs. Amory's Domineer.

I WONDER if the match race between Joe Widener's Carmelite and Sam Riddle's Black Carse will take place at Belmont Park next month or if we shall have to wait for it until Saratoga. Four years ago Joe Widener bantered Sam Riddle for a match between his mare, Zepheretta, and Friar's Carse for $5,000 a side. They could not agree to the distance—Widener wanted it at one mile and Riddle six furlongs—so Widener proposed they match the first foals of the mares, for a race some time in their two-year-old season, with the stakes $1,000 a side. Riddle agreed, for he intended to breed Friar's Carse, the best juvenile of her sex that season, to Man O' War.

The first foals of these mares—oddly enough both fillies—will come to the races this season. Joe Widener's is a beautiful, racy-looking gray by Stefan the Great, while Sam Riddle's is a strapping black, the image of her dam, by Black Tony. Riddle says all his stock has had the flu, some of them several times last winter, but he is willing to run and the date of the race is up to his fellow-townsman Joe.

THE race track is getting cluttered up with colonels. Some, I know, are colonels of the Red Ink Cadets, those self-styled handicappers who drill with speed charts. Admiral Cary Grayson told me about the others. He was on one of those Kentucky Derby parties that include a tour of the racing studs to look over the foals and yearlings, and at one an old negro majordomo of the farm and stables addressed every member of the party as "Colonel." Now the Admiral, like all navy men, is punctilious on the matter of titles, so he asked the old fellow how come there were so many colonels in the party. "Well," he said, "some of them gentlemen was born colonels, and some of 'em was in the army, an' I calls some of 'em Colonel because they gives me a dollar."

ONE of the prohibited practices of the turf is the stimulation of horses to greater effort in races by applying an electric battery or "buzzer,"

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

as it is called. Of necessity, it is as compact as the portable wireless-set for broadcasting racing information, and much more dangerous; if found in the possession of a jockey in a race, that jockey is ruled off. One astute trainer used one with success and without danger of detection by the stewards. Batteries are not barred in the morning hours on the track and this trainer used a powerful one concealed in the butt of a whip. Whenever the horse he decided to operate on, and with, was galloped, the jockey had the battery, and when they turned into the stretch the boy touched the butt of the whip to the animal's neck and stung him. After about ten days of this training the horse was entered in a race a trifle above his class to insure good odds, and the trainer and his clients bet wherever they could get a bet down. The race was run and the horse was well up in field to the stretch turn. There the jockey drew his whip, shook it at his mount, and then pressed the butt to the animal's neck. The effect was electrical. The horse bounded away from his field and won by half a dozen lengths. The stewards thought something was wrong and after the race they searched the rider and his equipment; they even cut into the whip, but found it a solid piece of whalebone. There was no battery, but the horse was so used to that shock when the butt of the whip touched his neck he took no chances and stepped out.

THE Honourable George, although busy parlaying the favorites to show, saw at Havre de Grace: Paul Fox introducing Vice-President Curtis. . . . Sam Riddle predicting the biggest year for Man o' War. . . . Mrs. Charles Amory and Ned McLean condoling with each other over Balko and Jock. . . . Victor Emanuel in the most beautiful motor in the whole world. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"Skippy" is American Humour at its native best: utterly unique, hard-boiled, blunt, swift in pace, the national idiom lifted at last into poetry, an indigenous epic worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the highest products of English Humour today.—*Corey Ford in Vanity Fair.*

Percy Crosby, cartoonist, creator of "Skippy," and Miss Agnes Dale Locke of White Plains will be married this morning at 11 o'clock at the Presbyterian Church. Corey Ford, author and humorist, will be best man.—*The World.*

The best man's present to the groom was a handsome silver national idiom.

"beating about the bush,

that dentist's pastime," said the clever cinema customer, " is bad form when it comes to seeking amusement; so shake not the broadway shrubbery, just seize the bird in hand, that prize entertainment, that roosts

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"gentlemen of the press," working some, drinking more, and loving not a little are on exhibition-in a paramount talking picture with walter huston as the gent and k. francis not quite the gentlewoman

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is really rudy vallee . . . be still our hearts! softly singing in "bright lights," a stage revue with his original connecticut yankees and the paramount stage band . . . not quite so revolutionary.

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there's mister jesse crawford . . . despoused, but still delighting in mirth, music and melody . . . or anything connected with an organ.

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there's that sweet-talking mary pickford out hayesing helen in "coquette" . . . that soft voiced drama of why so'thern gals go wrong . . . it must be the humidity.

at the rialto

is "close harmony" —and boy, whattaccord! . . . it's sweet music by paramount with nancy carroll, buddy rogers, jack oakie and "skeets" gallagher . . . good to look at and better to listen to . . .

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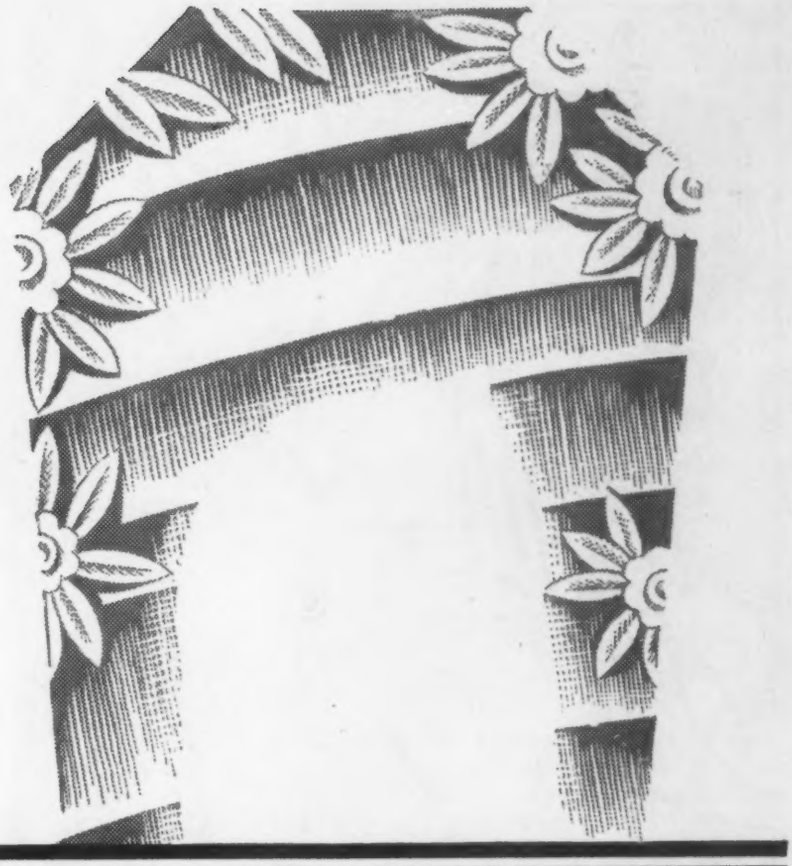
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Old Man River Takes His Time—Another Tot

THE idea of "Show Boat" began, I believe, as Mississippi gossip, then it became a novel, then a musical comedy, and now, in due course of evolution, it appears as a movie—thanks to Edna Ferber, to Ziegfeld, and to Universal. It will probably end up as a prayer.

The movie version, with Laura La Plante as Magnolia and Joseph Schildkraut as Ravenal, naturally adheres more closely to the novel than did the stage production, although the songs from that phase of its career are included. It is enormous, twice as long as the ordinary picture, elaborate and ponderous, sometimes agreeable to the eye, but more often depressing the spirit with a sense of intolerable sluggishness. The acting is in no case distinguished, and the singing in the prologue which opens the movie seems subdued, as though the Movietone were up to its tricks again. However, what you can hear of "Old Man River" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man" is a pleasure.

THE picture opens with the story of life in the Cotton Palace Floating Theatre, and there are delightful scenes of the old Mississippi world. Then follow the episodes of Magnolia's married existence in Chicago, the camera suggesting ingeniously the ups and downs of a gambler's career. The costuming of the period, the sense of the Chicago life are interesting, but the picture is paced with a painful lack of speed. It is doubled in length by the direction. The plain, stark face of Magnolia's mother is again and again thrown on the screen and held there long beyond the time needed to suggest her character, and certainly without contributing any aesthetic pleasure. It is not enough that we see Ravenal standing an outcast in the streets; we must see him standing there, then we must with all deliberation watch him walk slowly, so slowly, down the full length of the block until he passes outside the range of our vis-



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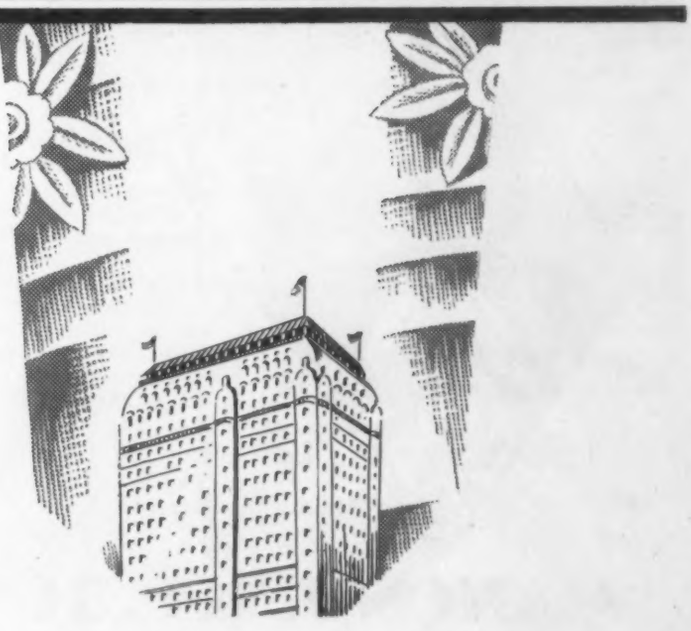

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ion. The spectacle does not hold our interest, and we are impatient to get on with the story. Scenes like this—and there are many of equal haltiness—balance the good effects of the whole movie with a fatal lack of life.

YOU probably remember that in "Show Boat," the play and the novel, the lovers declare their feelings while presumably acting on a stage. This is successful in the movie, and is an idea always popular with the laity. My acquaintance with people of the theatre leads me to suspect a fallacy in this notion, but it is doubtless a pretty fancy. In Eddie Dowling's picture, "The Rainbow Man," however, it is made terrible.

This movie of backstage and minstrel-show life ends with a shuddering *morbidezza* of sentiment wherein the star sees his best-beloved in the orchestra, promptly forces her to come on the stage, and, to the amazement, no doubt, of the audience, announces his true love for her before them. It is a painfully untactful scene and concludes a very ordinary below-par picture of thespian life and the beneficent influence of one of those little waifs, so popular this season, upon a down-at-the-heels trouper. In this case it is a waif of deplorable smartiness. By way of some compensation Eddie Dowling sings one or two sentimental ballads pleasantly enough.

OF the other new pictures the most entertaining is William Boyd's "The Leatherneck," at the Cameo, though the possibilities for a good adventure story of marines in the badlands of Manchuria get rather muddled and mild before the end. "Nothing But the Truth" follows the old play with fidelity, we suspect, though whether or not Richard Dix tells the truth for the twenty-four hours his bet exacts is somewhat problematic; the Movietone allows only a few lines to be audible.

Mr. Rothafel's offering of the moment, "Girls Gone Wild," is familiar stuff about the younger generation. Their innocence, courage, and youthful charm are all as usual made manifest in the end. "Scandal," at the Colony, deals with the marital difficulties of the polo set in Santa Barbara. One of the polo players is accused of murder and cannot prove an alibi without compromising a lady, a predicament of the gallant which it requires more art than this picture possesses to make plausible. —J. C. M.

"My hands, too, must dance . . ."

says charming ANNA PAVLOWA

The new Cutex Liquid Polish "gives them sparkle and vivacity"

Photo by Hugh Cecil

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Like Pavlowa . . . discerning women everywhere know the effect of suave perfection is in great part due to beautifully cared for hands. They say that Cutex is indispensable. For it intelligently simplifies the problem of keeping the most recalcitrant finger nails shapely and shining.

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Second—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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Pavlowa's exquisite hands in gentle repose are as powerfully significant of her justly famous interpretative power as when they flutter and sway in the dance.

THE audience has collected—hushed and expectant. Around the stage hangs a great, dark curtain. Then, the music begins and suddenly a tiny, exquisite figure appears. It is Anna Pavlowa, the great artist.

First, she moves to measured, stately rhythms . . . a silent swaying flower. Now she is Pierrette, whirling and gay, happy or immensely sad. Now she is the snow-white swan, sailing, dipping, preening, drooping. Always her hands express the poignant beauty of her art—Pavlowa—whose hands are known as the most beautiful in the world.

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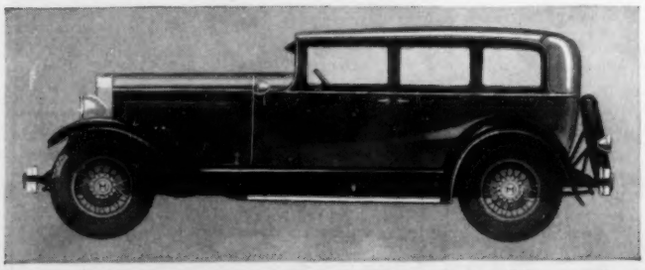
26 N.Y.

Call upon the New HUPMOBILE for a smooth, controlled dash in traffic, or a furious burst of power and speed on the road . . . you *feel* its answer, not *hear* it . . . It voices no protest through a squeaking brake. Its brakes are silent, with full 1/16″ clearance. No drag. Instant release . . . There is an uncanny stillness as you shift through its gears. Its long, smooth springs float you up and down on quiet controlled tides of power. Its engine doesn't roar and tremble with rage when the throttle goes down. The big, heavy crankshaft is quieted by the famous Lanchester dampener. A silent chain runs the camshaft. No chatter from the valves . . . It screeches no abuse at you through ill-fitted coach work. HUPMOBILE bodies are tailored in steel as carefully as your dinner jacket.



HUPMOBILE'S new program of expansion has made possible sweeping reductions in prices on all models in the Century Six and Eight lines.

A word to the wise has always been considered sufficient . . . But when you say "HUPMOBILE" whisper it!

· *THE NEW* ·

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, *at 62nd St.*, New York City, Phone COLumbus 7660 . . . 1294 Bedford Ave., *near Atlantic Ave.*, Brooklyn, Phone PROspect 9941

THE GOLDEN AGE

There's a lovely legend that an
Ancient burgher of Manhattan
Oft hath told—
How a young and handsome Mayor
Gave the Gothamites a gayer
Age of Gold.

He was gallant, brisk and sprightly
And his garments fitted rightly
And were new;
When he wasn't at the beaches
He was mostly making speeches—
Good ones, too.

He was witty, blithe and hearty
And the life of every party
As a mime;
So astute he was and clever
That he never, never, never
Came on time.

Since all Government's an evil,
Like a maggot or a weevil
In a pear,
When a thing demanded action,
Why, the City's Main Attraction
Wasn't there!

And the whole administration
Took a well-deserved vacation,
Chief and clerk;
Neither magistrates nor judges
Nor the Borough's humblest drudges
Deigned to work.

But the burglars didn't burgle
And the bottles didn't gurgle
In the dives;
Where the little lambs cavorted
All the citizens resorted
With their wives.

And the taxes were collected
And the buildings got erected
By themselves;
While the levers, brakes and switches
Were attended to by witches,
Ouphes and elves.

When the Mayor went a-Maying,
His philosophy obeying,
As one should,
From the Bronx to Fulton Ferry
All were merry, merry, merry,
All were good.

Ah, these times are sadder, grayer!
Send us such another Mayor!
How and when
Shall his day, the very pattern
Of the blissful Reign of Saturn,
Dawn again!

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

•

Fragrant FLY-TOX is sure health to bed-bugs.—*Lamesa (Tex.) Gazette.*

Well, we love to see color in their cheeks!

One Less "PROBLEM" *praise be to* TECS!

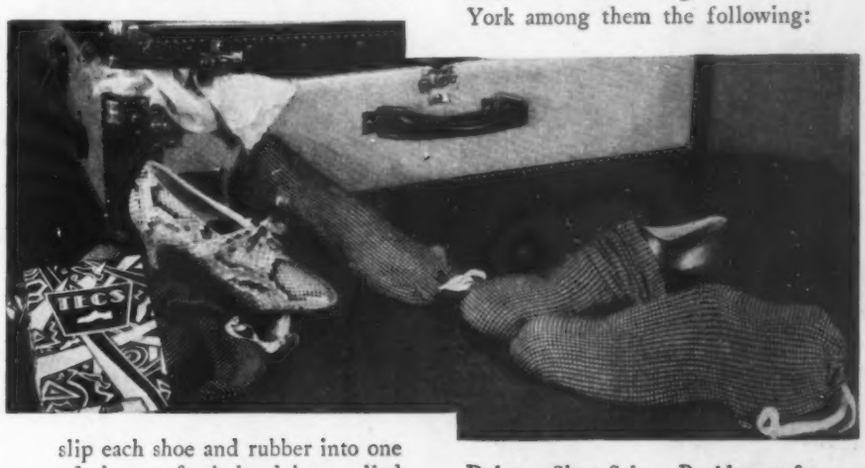
When, in the course of inhuman events, it becomes necessary to pack shoes—dainty or otherwise—in a crowded bagful of spotless lingerie and linen, something unpleasant usually happens. Heavy shoes muss and soil clean clothing, —tooth paste tubes and kindred objects break loose to scratch and mar delicate brocades and doeskins. Tissue paper wrappings seldom help—and newspapers are rather unsatisfactory.

But, today, wise week-enders have discovered a trick solution—a solution so simple it's absurd no one ever thought of it before! Simply slip each shoe and rubber into one of these soft, knitted bags called TECS. An elastic diamond stitch, through which dust cannot sift, makes TECS cling to shoes with glove-like snugness. A very handy draw-string tightly closes the open end. Then pack them anywhere.

Thus, clean clothes are fully protected from grimy shoe dirt, dust and polish. Smudges and footprints no longer appear on dress shirts and fine dresses. And stay-at-homes find TECS quite perfect for packing shoes away in closets.

Even nicer, TECS come in a smart variety of bright color combinations to suit either the masculine or feminine fancy.

TECS are available at smart shops and stores all over greater New York among them the following:



Delman Shoe Salon, B. Altman & Co., Stetson Shops, Inc., Hanan & Son, F. R. Tripler & Co., Saks-Fifth Avenue, Lord & Taylor, and Rogers Peet Co.

P. S. Perhaps we forgot to mention that Tecs in their gay modern boxes also make remarkably smart bridge prizes. Knit Goods Specialty Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

TECS

chic new traveling bags for shoes

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, APRIL 17

PARIS dressmakers report a great hue and cry among their French clients for more suits. Not the dress-and-coat combination, but skirt and jacket with extra blouses, the kind that are common enough—as I see by the papers—to New York. The mid-season collections, so runs the hinting, will have plenty of them, but at present the good ones are all too few.

SCHIAPARELLI does herself well, as usual, with the type of thing that is a near relation to the old-time tailored suit, but more agreeably casual. Her skirts all have a short yoke of some kind of soft stuff—either a stitched fitted band of crêpe de Chine or a V-shaped yoke of hand-knitted tricot—that gives an easy smoothness over the hipbones and leaves the rest of the skirt plain and straight and firm. The tricoted yokes match the hand-knitted sweaters that are worn, blouse-fashion, tucked in.

There is a nice touch in the way they are fastened: either with two buttons and buttonholes over the left hip or with a wide box pleat at the front, buttoning to the blouse with two pairs of buttons, in double-breasted manner.

One tricky skirt has a wide loose panel at the front that covers a slash from hem to yoke—a genuinely comfortable skirt that you can wear without going completely sportswoman. This is in a soft basketweave woollen, in the dark green that everyone here is buying. With it is a green plaid silk blouse with a complicated double-scarf arrangement that ties in a big boom of a bow to flop out over the collarless jacket. You wear your jacket, of course, open.

Suits of tussore and ficelle, or string cloth, follow this same general line, with skirts that have no real hems but are turned back a quarter-inch and stitched three or four times. For not-too-hot weather there is an added sleeveless sweater, hand-knitted with loops as big as dimes to make it more stretchable and less disastrous to your makeup, if you decide to go sweaterless.

ANOTHER Paris pet is the skirt and sleeveless jacket that Marcel Rochas makes out of mannish black and gray suitings—one of the few of its type, so says Rochas, that may be worn on the street. The blouse is a sweater that may be in black or any color, but is dashing in a dark red with lingerie collars and cuffs. Cady is its name.

MIRANDE does one of the few jersey sweaters that may be worn under a jacket without giving humps to your shoulders and back. The neckline just misses being a circle, so it hits just the right spots, and is fitted in by tiny darts. This is meant to stay outside the skirt and has an unexpected deep tuck just above the hem, to avoid looking too sportsy.

CHANEL is about the only one who still marks the lapel with felt flowers. You may, however—with due bows to the Maison Lenief—replace the flowers by borrowing a tuft of brown and red feathers from your hunting hat. Décor, on the suit, is confined pretty generally to any one of these three—a belt of contrasting stuff or color, buttons of plain polished

"And now, sir, I'm going to square up those shoulders and take a few inches off those hips."

Also . . . . ALL SPRING'S SMARTEST ACCESSORIES

The adjustable notched scarf . . . $15

Necklace and bracelet in replica coral and jade, strung with delicate seed pearls . . . $50

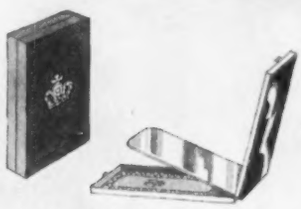
The strip scarf in contrasting shades . . . $20

The Zipper pouch for town, soft leather, costume colors . . . $15

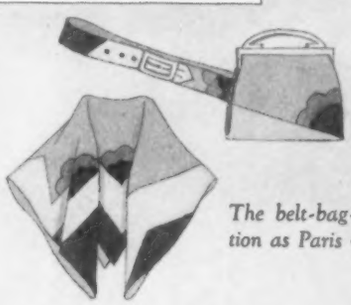
The Indian print bag with silver stitching $25

The washable kid slip-on gloves with contrasting top . . . $4.75

The newest in French hose . . . 200-gauge, $10.50. Domestic stockings . . . . $1.95 to $3.75



The triplicate vanity case, black enamel, edged gold $5



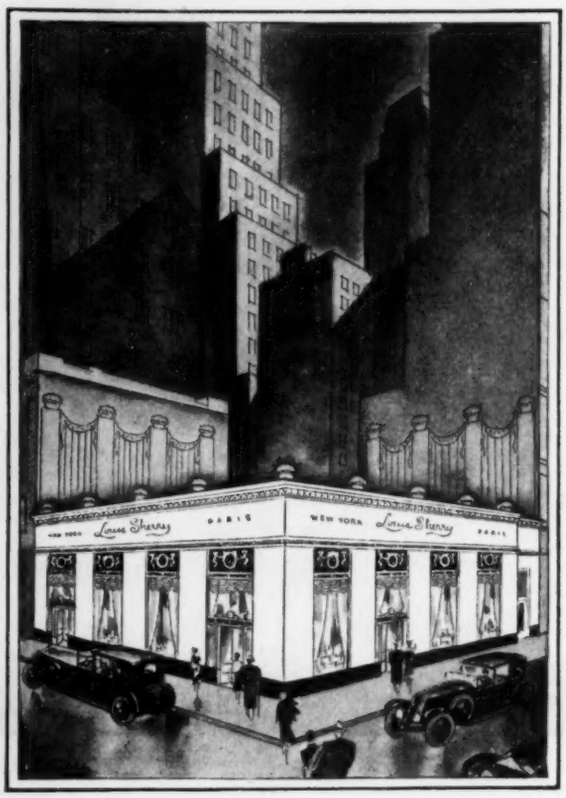
The belt-bag-scarf combination as Paris wears it . . . $60

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH · NEW YORK·

New York

COMES TO EARTH



In this little one-story brilliant at Madison Avenue and 62nd Street, New York finds delightful respite from its efforts to reach the sky. Sherry is responsible. Because, here, Sherry chooses to serve breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner . . . Sherry service with a charming new informality. Here, Sherry also presents the latest Sherry service . . . table delicacies . . . Sherry-importations and Sherry kitchen products . . . every needed thing for smart tables, from Caviar to Camembert. Also Sherry confections and Sherry's usual variety of unusual gifts.

Louis Sherry

INFORMAL RESTAURANT . . . TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

Madison Avenue at 62nd Street

REGent 8530 to 8538

steel (these for silk suits only), or a scarf. The cravat type of scarf is the only kind that doesn't look too heavy with short jackets, and is tied high. Schiaparelli (again!) makes a plaid taffeta scarf, tucked flat around the neck and spreading out at the front and side in an immense batwing bow.

CAMILLE ROGER reports that her smart customers are buying paillasson hats with drooping all-around brims to wear with town suits, though they look very much country-clothes to me. Roger has a new model of bakou (as it is spelled over here) that is an unusually wearable version of the fisherman hat, turned up in front and with a big velvet bow to fill the long expanse of brim at the back.

FOR the rest—it is better to have your bag match your suit than your scarf or hat, and better (so they say) to wear light shoes than dark. As to the shoes, I'm hoping it isn't true; I'm weary of seeing ten kinds of beige kid in the same room. Perugia recommends a touch of bright kid somewhere, if you insist on wearing black shoes, and heels that are as high and shapely as any dance slipper. This sounds pretty fussy for anyone who hasn't dozens of everything. He shows a lot of sea-kid, a stout pebbly leather that keeps—really keeps—its color.

Incidentally, Perugia says crêpe de Chine evening shoes should match your frock, while Marouff advises pink-beige for both shoes and stockings, no matter what color the dress. Perugia's aluminum soles make a grand clatter on the dance floor at Volterra's, despite their leather padding. The aluminum is hollow, but half an inch deep, and the soles are in three hinged parts—the most fascinating, unreasonable things you could imagine, in this geometric day. —B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK~

THE Fifth Avenue department is slightly at a loss, for even with the most diligent searching it could discover but few of the specific models mentioned in the Paris Fashion Letter and could only conclude that the majority of them have not yet reached New York. In such ways is injured vanity soothed and comforted. Next week, after a reorganization and shake-up, the newly efficient department will endeavor to have some real, constructive information for youse. We can

THE CONVENIENT METHOD OF SHOWING
JOHN CAVANAGH HATS
HATS BY CAVANAGH
Correct Headwear for Men of Discriminating Taste
Proper styles for Business, Sport, Travel or Dress
with Individualized Service and Exclusiveness
John Cavanagh Ltd., 247 Park Avenue New York

AUTOMATIC
as well as electric

The new reliable Kelvinator is a *wholly automatic* electric refrigerator —on the job month after month and year after year.

Built to operate summer and winter —to preserve food as it should be preserved, to chill and even freeze salads and desserts—without attention or regulating by maid or housewife.

Silent, too—and you know the value of that feature in an apartment or a small home.

With ice cubes instantly removable from its new rubber trays.

Beautiful cabinets—widest assortment—and you can afford one now, on Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

• • •

KELVINATOR SALES CORPORATION
Five Conveniently Located Display Rooms
1 W. 47th Street

283 E. Kingsbridge Road Bronx
368 Livingston Street Brooklyn
162-27 Hillside Avenue Jamaica
33 Mamaroneck Ave. White Plains

THE RELIABLE
KELVINATOR

say, however, that most of the shops are doing a great deal to match handbags with the costume, Saks-Fifth Avenue in particular having a vast assortment of bags in tweeds, homespuns, satins, ginghams, and every other fabric you can think of. It is also possible to have bags made to your order at most department stores. My own feeling, particularly when the costume is entirely of a figured fabric, is that plain bags are to be preferred; and I agree with B. M. in doubting that American women will ever take up the idea of wearing light-colored shoes with country or town suits—snakeskin and lizard in beige tones being as far as they will go to date.

LIKE the busy, busy little bee, Best, who always has an eye to the future, is preparing to make the summer colorful and comfortable and inexpensive at all costs. Tennis dresses, for instance. They are making them in a rayon jersey that looks like silk but is artificially prepared so that it does not drop a stitch if you prick it, turn yellow if you bathe it, become affected by perspiration, or lose its contour. If you don't like these, you can find tennis dresses in crêpe de Chine, shantung, or—oh, how could you!—washable satin. Most of them are low-backed, and some make up for this immodesty by adding little shoulder capes.

Best is also doing grand things with a batiste in floral patterns, various shades predominating. This appears as the jumper and shorts in a suit of wide wale piqué, and fashions an exquisite afternoon frock, designed by Chanel, which has a deep double collar covering the tip of the shoulder, a circular skirt, a belt, and little horizontal tucks over the tummy. The effect is of chiffon, and the cost is $25. There are short, colorful jackets of quilted calico or silk. There are beach dresses of ye goode olde unbleached muslin, decked out with a bit of the colorful and casual hand-embroidery you used to do in Art Centres, yet they avoid artiness.

To wear over these, try a beret or a little stitched hat of sudanette (a specially fine broadcloth, by the way). To wear beneath them, look at Gordon's new Chiffoam lingerie. The

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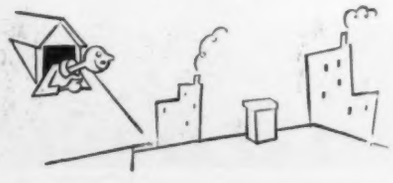


ARMSTRONG SHOES

Sambo, or is it Mose, craves to carry the luggage of the lady of yon descending foot. For Sambo, or Mose, has identified by its shoe a person of quality, generous to her servitors.

"Body may be by Fisher," ruminates our hero, "but dem shoes am suttinly by Armstrong." For there is no gaping line, no intermittent bulge of the shoe as that foot comes down the Pullman steps. Armstrong has devised, in shoes almost too lovely to wear (though not quite, dear reader, not quite) a clinging glove-fit that is the despair of other makers.

Sambo's perspicacity did not go unrewarded, you may be sure. That night he went home to Harlem richer by four bits.

On Sale at Better A2 *Shops Everywhere*
Since 1878

D. ARMSTRONG & CO. INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Do you know what this is?

This, as a clever Frenchwoman has said, is what goes on behind your back when you get a Eugène Permanent Wave!

It is the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver uses 26 to 40 of them for each genuine Eugène Permanent wave.

Note the perforated steam-tab of this Eugène Sachet. From its tiny perforations come countless jets of steam that gently, but permanently, impart your Eugène wave.

The perforated steam-tab controls, confines and concentrates the steam where the operator wants it, permitting infinite adaptability to every type and condition of hair.

There is no other sachet with this exclusive, patented feature—the secret of the beautifully natural Eugène Permanent Wave.

That is why your conscientious waver gladly pays more for Eugène sachets—for the waves' sake and for yours!

SEE What They Are Like!

We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method", and a list of genuine Eugène permanists in your vicinity. Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. London, Paris.

Beware of Bargains!

Pay the price for expert skill and make sure that your hair is waved with the genuine Eugene Sachets. Look for the famous Eugene trade mark symbol on each Sachet

eugène
permanent waves

AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG OFFICE BUILDINGS IN A DOMINANT LOCATION

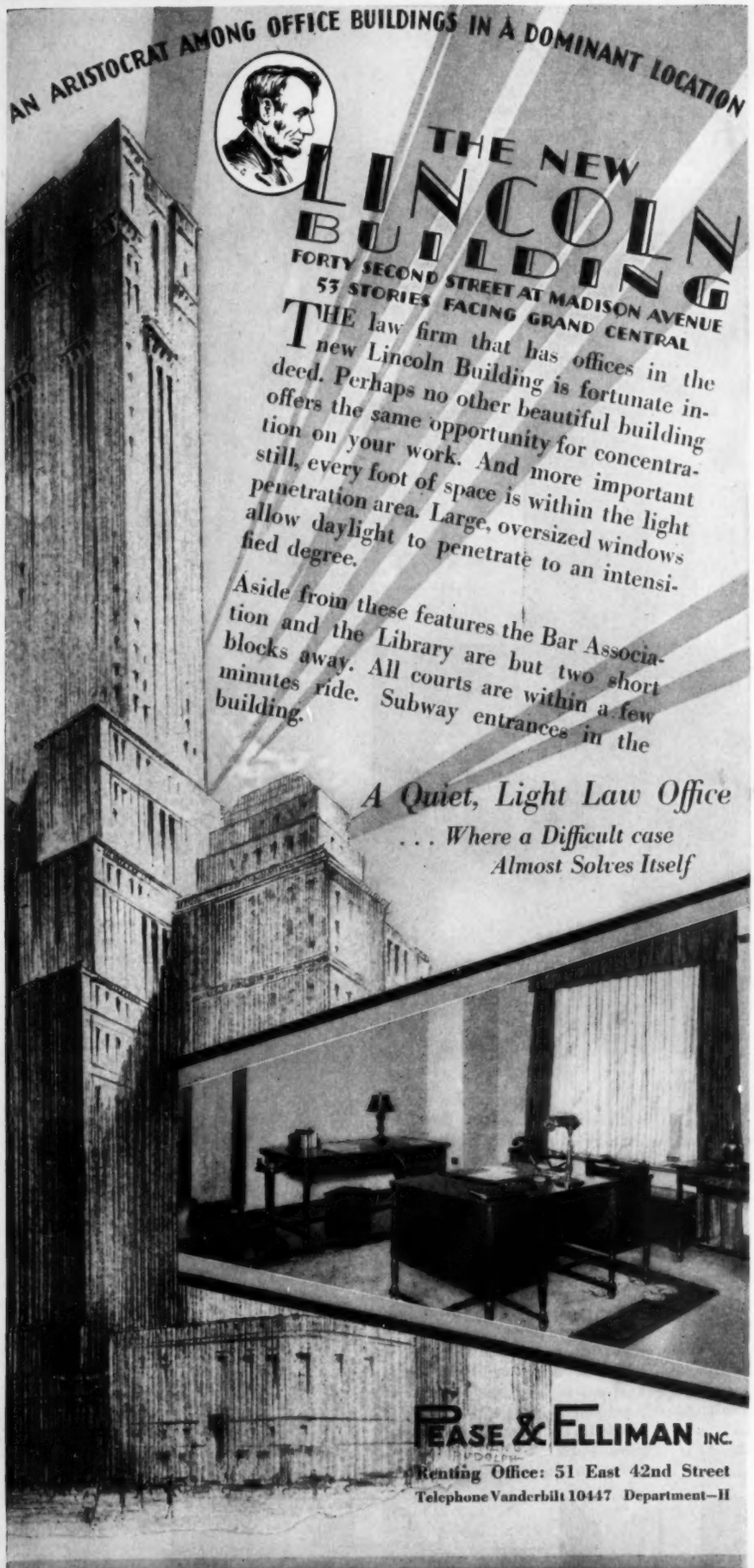
THE NEW
LINCOLN
BUILDING

FORTY SECOND STREET AT MADISON AVENUE
53 STORIES FACING GRAND CENTRAL

THE law firm that has offices in the new Lincoln Building is fortunate indeed. Perhaps no other beautiful building offers the same opportunity for concentration on your work. And more important still, every foot of space is within the light penetration area. Large, oversized windows allow daylight to penetrate to an intensified degree.

Aside from these features the Bar Association and the Library are but two short blocks away. All courts are within a few minutes ride. Subway entrances in the building.

A Quiet, Light Law Office
. . . Where a Difficult case
Almost Solves Itself



PEASE & ELLIMAN INC.
Renting Office: 51 East 42nd Street
Telephone Vanderbilt 10447 Department—H

Main Office: 660 Madison Avenue — New York City — *Branch Office:* 55 Liberty Street

material is a silk jersey so sheer you hardly see it, and it is fashioned into teddies that are short, mold the figure to the hips, and flare perkily below. There are also panties on yokes that are really worth your time. Or you may clamber into the rush and buy Somersets, those new dollar-each garments that they have such difficulty keeping in stock. There are shirts, some with low backs, and shorts fitted on a yoke, made of the very finest cotton men's shirting, in pink, blue, or white. The advantage of these is that they are absorbent and yet cool, which should be a boon to the active tennis player or golfer.

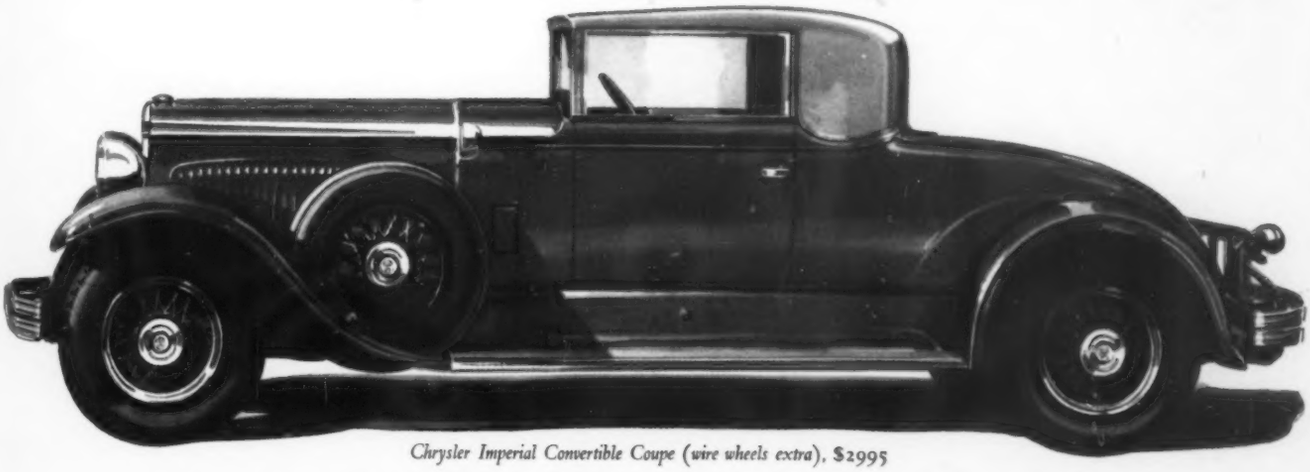
For the beach, you can find huge farmerette straw hats to accompany colored overalls of linen or sudanette. The overalls are fitted in tightly through the waist and cut on traditional lines, and you are supposed to wear a light mesh chukker shirt under them. For tiny children, there are overalls of sudanette which need nothing under them whatever. They should eliminate that clothes-for-strenuous-summer-play problem nicely.

OVERALLS seem to have taken the town by storm, for Bonwit Teller is also showing them, made in white piqué trimmed with color or in gingham-checked surah silk. Later other fabrics will also be used. These have an apron fairly high in front that tapers off and fastens under the ribs, so you need wear nothing under them at all, at all, and little jackets are to be worn over them. They are distinctively beach pajamas, and a bit gay and childish for the languid boudoirs of the idle rich.

VERA SANVILLE, at 746 Madison Avenue, first bent her talents some years ago to the designing and making of really lovely lingerie. Having become established by its excellence, she turned last fall to clothes, where once more her undoubted taste and selective sense stood her in good stead. (Her belief is that lingerie should be flippant, alluring, feminine, and revealing, but her clothes for the public eye are really chic and ladylike.) She now has gone in for hats, and for that purpose has brought to her

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER



Chrysler Imperial Convertible Coupe (wire wheels extra), $2995

IMPERIAL

THE new Chrysler Imperial is essentially intended for the connoisseurs among motorists—for an exclusive circle whose discrimination is satisfied with nothing short of the best in Chrysler power, smoothness, fineness and beauty. ¶ The distinguished characteristics of the new Chrysler Imperial reveal the latest developments of Chrysler's ingenious styling, engineering and craftsmanship. ¶ Motorists who appreciate a car of true custom quality will find in the new Chrysler Imperial a type of beauty and behavior distinctly superior to anything heretofore known in the field of finest cars.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL—*Nine custom body styles, priced from $2675 to $3855, f. o. b. factory*

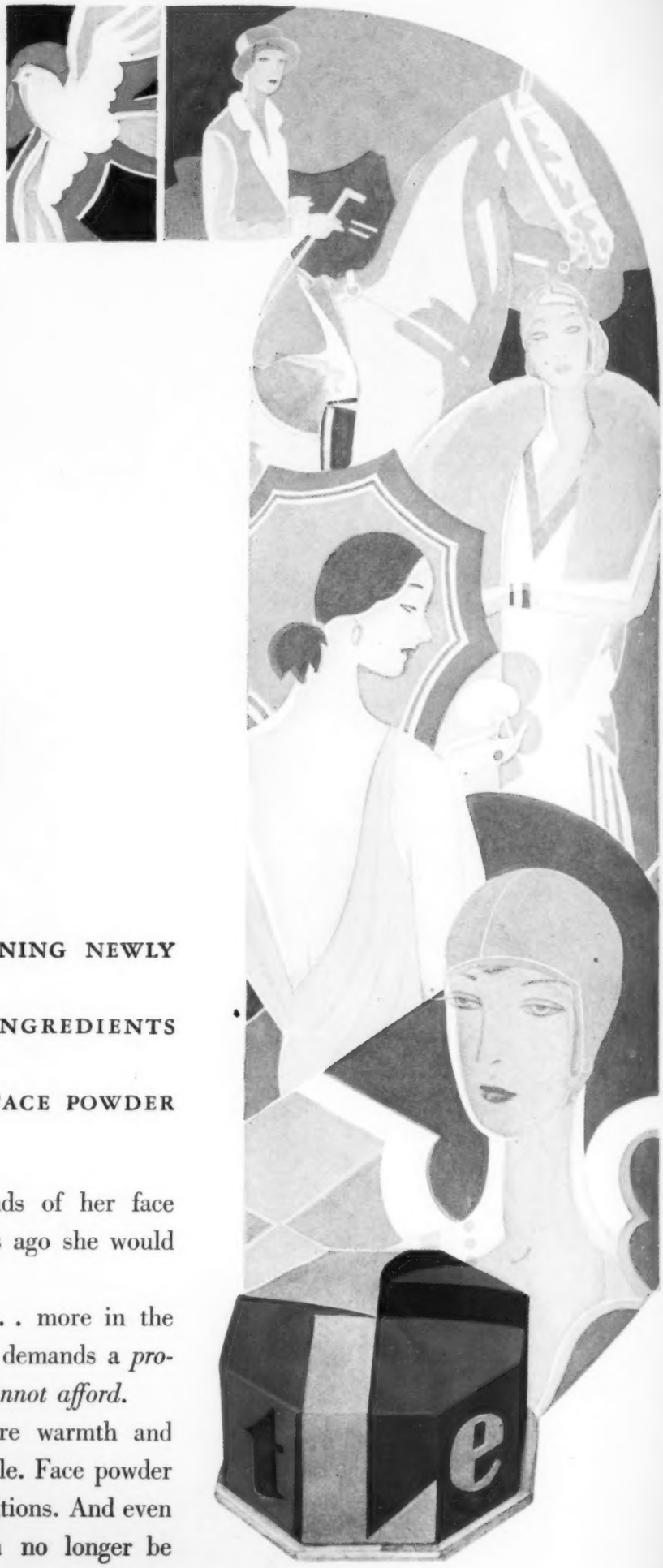
Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800
BROOKLYN

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1745 B'way at 56th St., Col. 6370
NEW YORK CITY

DeCozen Motor Co.
1226 Broad St., Terrace 6900
NEWARK

A face powder . . totally new . . *vitally* different . . so keyed to present day Fashion and conditions of living that it comes to you as a revelation of beauty and protection . . . .

POUDRE
Le Début



POUDRE LE DEBUT — CONTAINING NEWLY DISCOVERED BENEFICIAL INGREDIENTS NEVER BEFORE USED IN A FACE POWDER

Certainly, today, a woman demands of her face powder qualities which a few years ago she would hardly have considered important.

We are living . . . playing . . . more in the sun, more in the wind. The skin demands a *protection* that *ordinary face powder cannot afford.*

Furthermore, skins have more warmth and color—tan is increasingly fashionable. Face powder must adapt itself to these new conditions. And even more important, face powder can no longer be

merely a mask that "covers up". It must be of a subtle tone and texture that harmonizes with your natural skin tones and blends with your skin texture . . . and becomes, in truth, a very part of your face.

No easy problem to solve! Indeed, it required two years of intensive research and experiment in scientific laboratories—and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion —to create *Poudre le Début.* And it required entirely new ingredients never before used in a face powder to give it the qualities that women are so insistently demanding.

A product of modern science . . . and modern fashion

Poudre le Début is distinctly a product of the best dermatological knowledge and the best style authority available. Totally new—vitally *different*—absolutely *safe.*

And what an exquisitely lovely powder it is . . . incredibly velvety . . . smooth . . . fine . . . spreading with a delicate translucence! A powder that is not only safe in every respect but actually beneficial, for it contains certain basic properties which protect against the ravages of the sun and wind and the score of different things against which today, the skin must be guarded.

And a powder with a texture and range of tones so carefully chosen that it blends perfectly into your skin, adhering indefinitely.

FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

Pearl—for the fair skin with color.
Pearl with Glow—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
Naturelle—to match the medium-toned skin.
Sun-Tint—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

Rachel—for the brunette with color.
Rachel with Glow—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
Ocre-Rose—a warm tone for the olive skin.
Sun-Tan—a tan for the brunette skin.

With a fragrance—typically le Début

Poudre le Début is a member of le Début family of fragrance—a blossomy elusive *odeur* —too delicately sophisticated to be anything but smart and utterly feminine . . . And it comes in the gayest box—the most modern in design that ever graced your dressing table.

Surely *Poudre le Début* is as near a custom-made powder as you could find anywhere —a powder which brings you all the smartness and beauty and protection you demand.

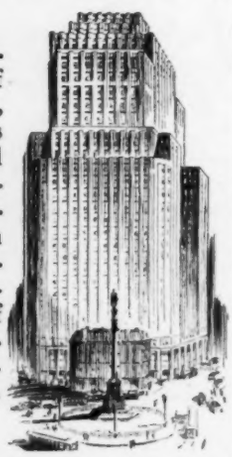
RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW YORK • • PARIS

You will find Poudre le Début in a complete range of tones . . . at any of the better shops . . . also other members of the famous le Début family—Parfum le Début and Compacte le Début.

"There's a building that belongs in the best circle!"

. . says Columbus

"I, WHO shouldn't, say so!" continues the famous discoverer, indicating General Motors Building, right on his own Columbus Circle, overlooking the grassy sweep of Central Park. We can readily forgive this self-assurance when we realize that the facts bear out the statement. As co-tenants in this modern building you will have General Motors Corporation Executive Offices, Kelly-Springfield Tires, Chemical National Bank, and other equally prominent Moguls of Merchandising and Figures of Finance. These environmental advantages, plus transit conveniences and lots of sunlight and air, are available at rentals as moderate as the location and service are modern. . . . . .



Reasonable rentals in units of from 440 to 23,700 sq. feet—Lots of sunlight and air. ¶ This location is an internationally known address. ¶ Trained modern service—plenty of high speed elevators. Ownership management.

General Motors Bldg.

BROADWAY AT 57th ST.

HOFFMANN BUILDING, Inc., Owners—CIRcle 9500

a French girl whose ability to adapt a model to your own peculiar facial structure is exceptional. The hats moreover, are beautifully made and I, at least, turned to go out looking much as I had expected I would when I ordered the model—an experience sufficiently rare to cause me to bow low before this milliner.

AT 41 East Sixtieth Street, Norma Bidwell and Mary Lee have opened a shop filled with models that can be got for you in the color and size you like within ten days, after which an expert fitter gets to work to make the dress look as if it grew on you.

It is difficult to describe the merchandise of a shop with such a varied appeal in its models, so I can only give general notes. They have a lovely assortment of printed chiffon evening dresses, for instance. (These cost around $115, which will give you an idea of the prices here for really excellent things.) They have exceptionally good afternoon suits for dressy people—such as black chiffon costumes with butter-yellow chiffon blouses, and moiré jackets and hand-tucked chiffon jumpers worn over black crêpe skirts. There is a lovely straight, black, sleeveless dress with a large applied block motif in contrasting color on one hip and under the opposite shoulder, the motif being repeated in the straight jacket. Smart for town in dark colors or for the country in gay ones. Really worth a visit. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

Keys, Corks, and Scents —Plea for Pallor—A Matter of Age and Sex

IN most of the small gift shops that I hopefully visit, I am invariably confronted with a small assortment of typical gift-shop stuff, all of it to be found in other places where the selection is larger. It is a rare treat to find a shop in which you may find novelties you have not seen elsewhere in the city, but such a one does exist, conducted by Mrs. Frank Bryce in her own apartment at 230 East Fiftieth Street. You will find here, for instance, bottle caps to compensate for broken corks—looking like silver bells with a handle on top.

"LOOK who has come to the party Mac. This will speed matters up, no end."

Sunkist Jr. salutes New Yorker, Jr.

TO add to indoor sport—Orange Juice squozen electrically—New Yorker, Jr., you know what this will do to accelerate the preparation and drinking of Orange Juice in the great American desert.

A glass or a gallon—for the solo Orange Juice addict or for the gang—either is a matter of a moment to Sunkist Jr. And moments, you know, are precious when there is Orange Juice drinking to be done.

Halve a pile of Oranges and then merely touch each half orange to the whizzing cone of Sunkist Jr.—and there's your juice. After the squeezing, just hold two simple aluminum parts under the faucet. No work—no responsibility—what more could New Yorker, Jr. ask?

The strong sturdy Sunkist Jr. will destroy millions of oranges, so the Sunkist growers are putting it out—selfishly—at the very low price of $14.95. (It's 10 in. high and weighs 6 lbs.)

$14.95 *at all electrical goods stores . . . or mail the coupon.*

The next time anyone asks "But how will we squeeze the Oranges?" point to Sunkist Jr. and reply "Here's how."

Sunkist Junior Electric JUICE Extractor

FOR QUICK RETURN be sure to mail to distribution office nearest your home

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Chicago, Ill., Div. 2204, 900 North Franklin Street
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My dealer cannot supply me. Money order for $14.95 enclosed for one Sunkist Junior Home Electric Juice Extractor, mail prepaid. Canada, $19.95.

Name_____

Street_____

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They slip over the top of the bottle, where suction holds them so firmly that the bottle can be lifted by the cap handle. Useful, and ornamental besides. Then there are keyrings consisting of a name tag and a slender silver horseshoe connected by a silver chain. Your key slips over first one side of the horseshoe and then the other, but it will take your baffled friends several minutes to find that out. Another novelty is a long spoon that is sprinkled, after being heated in the fire, with a few drops of your favorite perfume and promptly scents the whole room very pleasantly.

I spent most of my time, however, sniffing the assortment of Floris perfumes she has there, it being the largest and most complete selection I have seen. Floris is the English perfumer who captures the actual natural scent of flowers so perfectly, trying his skill not only on the conventional jasmine and gardenia and rose and violet, but also on the wallflower, stephanotis, bean blossom, heliotrope, and others. In these fragrances, Mrs. Bryce has shaving soaps, bath salts, oils, powders, and hand soaps, all intended to counteract the hardness of London water. The soaps are marvellously lathery and deliciously scented. There are sachets, too, and all of them are exceptionally low-priced. If you are not acquainted with this particular perfumer and have a favorite flower, I advise a visit.

ALSO you may find Riviera espadrilles, lined with leather so that tennis is possible without undue agony; English Wear Clean gloves, made of leather so treated that when cleaning is necessary (which is practically never), rubbing them together does the trick. I have tried them and they really work. There are English fireproof coffee-and-milk and chafing-dish sets in midnight-blue china trimmed with gold; huge shantung laundry bags with trapunto work on them; infants' and children's clothes; and the conventional morocco leather and bits of bric-a-brac that all gift shops glory in. The place is open from ten-thirty to five o'clock.

IF someone can recommend a good psychoanalyst, I have a feeling that he will have a new customer with a serious sun-tan complex. The preparations continue to come in—every beauty firm in the country has just discovered the great new idea—and the fact remains that so far I have not seen a single well-bred person with a made-up heavy tan, nor do I expect to see

Duo-Sette
Of soft lace, cleverly shaped—is the uplift brassiere section; of firm satin, skillfully placed—the diaphragm "slimming" plastron, of this Duo-Sette. Any quality store will gladly fit you.
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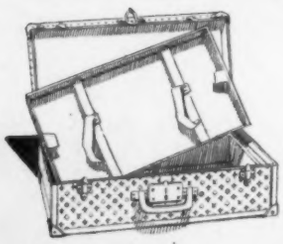


ARTHUR GILMORE
INCORPORATED
16 EAST 52ND STREET, N.Y.

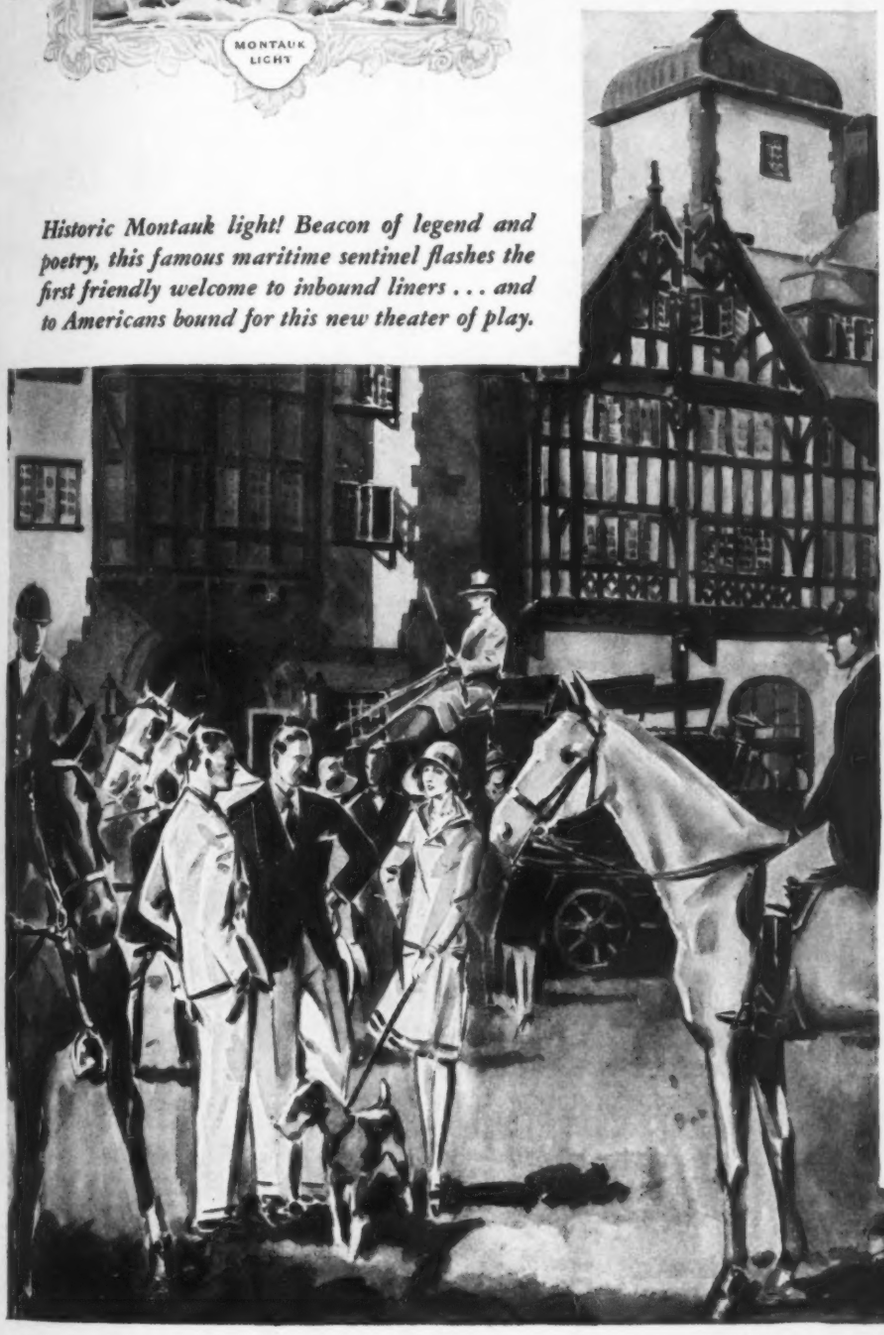
one. In Paris, I am told, it is definitely smart to use a powder somewhat darker than your natural coloring, thereby achieving a healthy instead of a pale-and-exotic look. Brilliant rouge is also the order of the day there, if any be used at all. But making yourself look like an Indian when your own skin happens to be fair is something I can no longer take desperately seriously. All future products of this type will be discussed with an eye to finding preparations to tone with a skin already naturally tanned, or to give a faint and unostentatious glow of health to a city skin.

All of which reminds me that Hudnut has recently brought forth a Le Début face powder in no less than eight different shades, all of them subtle variations of natural colorings. As an additional lovable feature, a bit of isinglass at the side of each box lets you peek at the color without too much strain. The shades include one for a fair skin with color, one for a fair skin without it, one for medium-toned skins, one for fair, tanned skins, one for brunettes with color and another for those without it, warm tones for olive skins, and tans for dark skins. Faint yellow or rose tints are skillfully introduced. Ancient prom-trotting days proved that Hudnut powder has a way of sticking on the skin that is unexcelled in my experience, and apparently this firm still remembers the knack.

AND, just to make life gayer and the boudoir more feminine, Cutex has emerged with a liquid polish and polish remover that is delicately perfumed and removes much of that banana-oil odor that formerly caused such consternation in the home.

A LITTLE shop called, not without a sob in the throat, Kiddie Korner is now in more spacious quarters at 11 East Fifty-sixth Street and, in honor of the occasion, is showing clothes for little girls up to ten years of age and for boys up to six. The things here are of exceptional taste (we will pass lightly over crêpe de Chine lingerie, nicely hand-embroidered and very French, on the traditional small-kid lines). You can find here creepers

. . . *This Summer*
Eastward Ho to Montauk!



Historic Montauk light! Beacon of legend and poetry, this famous maritime sentinel flashes the first friendly welcome to inbound liners . . . and to Americans bound for this new theater of play.

'NEATH Montauk's towering beacon on Long Island's slender tip . . . 125 miles out in the Atlantic ocean . . . where it is 10 degrees cooler in simmering summer months. . . Nature has transplanted the rolling, restful moors of Merrie England and men of vision have glorified them with a northern Riviera cast in the most beautiful forms in Tudor architecture.

The poise . . . the atmosphere . . . the charm . . . and the traditions of old-world culture interweave with the tempo of modern life.

Sport in Widest Variety

The purest surf calls with an iridescent shower of fairy diamonds . . . 1600 feet of boardwalk . . . thirty miles of bridle paths . . . two golf courses reminiscent of Sandwich, Troon and Prestwick and famous seaside links of Britain . . . between the first and second line of breakers the vaunted striped bass to challenge your skill at angling, and fast, trim motor boats manned by sea-wise guides wait to take you to the "offshore grounds" where giant tuna and broadbill and marlin swordfish provide the "thrill that comes once in a lifetime." If sporting blood craves more there's the world's largest glass enclosed tennis auditorium—and polo—and a million-dollar yacht basin.

Montauk the Beautiful is the ideal site for a summer home. And the unsurpassed Montauk Manor the ultimate for a week-end or a summer vacation. The third fastest train in the world takes you to and from New York City—the boulevard-smooth "Sunrise Trail" gives quick accessibility by motor—and two-ferries-a-day from Connecticut turn conventional travel into a delightful excursion. . . NOTE: Because of the great popularity of Montauk Manor, make reservations for the Summer season now or write for illustrated literature . . . Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk, Long Island. New York Office, The Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, Regent 8872.

montauk beach
ON LONG ISLAND'S SLENDER TIP

The young engineer, who had been in Maranhaõ building bridges and a reputation, waxed positively lyrical about the food at the *Capocabana Palace Hotel* in Rio. There the *camorões de arroz* (curried shrimps) are pure culinary poetry, served to the strains of the finest orchestra in Brazil.

And here, the New Yorker who knows his hotels croons over the dishes at The ROOSEVELT . . . where the finest finny delicacies . . . the choicest cuts from the market, grace the table in the Grill.

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EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
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UNITED HOTELS

for little children, opening at the bottom and cut high on the sides, copied from French models in American sizes. These come in all possible fabrics with French embroidery, applied ducks and rabbits and so on as trimming. A grand ornament for tiny children is a gadget to be suspended from the ceiling, consisting of fifteen velvet birds with feathered wings strung on five wires. The colors are bright and kids adore them as a color-and-movement note in those long hours before bedtime. Among the toys, there is particularly grand food, whether it appears in toy iceboxes or grocery stores or kitchens.

I learned lots of things here—that doting friends are wont to give pink or blue batiste infants' dresses instead of the old-time white, and favor crib and bassinet sheets in pink or blue combined with white rather than the plain white ones. I learned that people are at last getting it through their heads that the sex of the child doesn't matter if blue is more becoming than pink; that, more and more, parents are having children's coats made to measure; that shirring and tucking are more fun for infants' coats than lace and elaborate embroidery. The shop can have French things made to order if you will wait a little less than six weeks; orders that can be filled here take ten days. Naturally, there is a tremendous stock on hand.

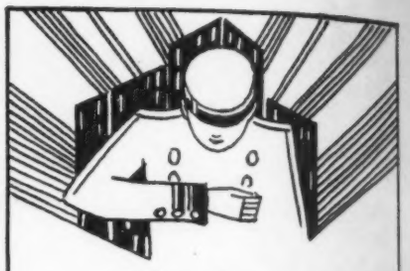
A HANDSOME product, known to this entire overworked office as Hinze Ambrosia, the working-girls' friend, is called to the attention of all people who need a rapid-fire and invigorating cleanser for the skin at the end of the day. The liquid is quite astringent and, rubbed over the face on a bit of cotton, not only removes the dirt but peps the skin up perceptibly. Patronize your neighborhood druggist.

—L. L.

•

Every Californian, as he crosses the state line, thanks God for California.—*Herbert Hoover in a speech.*

Crosses the state line going which way?



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What would you know of America...if you'd only seen New York?....By train...by autobus...this year, see France!...Take the *route des Vosges*, cool even in summer...forests, sky-high pastures, snowpeaks on the horizon ....Or the *route de Jura*...gorges, cascades, tree-covered plateaus with vineyards smiling on the western slopes....Travel through Brittany...witness a *pardon*, understand the sea ....Slip down the Loire Valley and recreate the splendor of Old France from those magnificent chateaux....Make the rounds of the smart "cures" in Auvergne and know the secret of the chic Parisienne's verve....Visit the Gorges du Tarn...grottoes and rivers underground, the thrilling passage on a rushing stream between colossal cannon walls.... Cross the Alps, Napoleon-wise...passes, lost villages, stupendous glimpses valley-ward, lone churches, set so high their spires touch heaven....Take the Pyrenees in your stride ...glaciers and peaks, aerial resorts of supersmartness all year 'round....Skirt the Mediterranean, flitting from one gay beach to the next along the Grande or the Petite Corniche ...or on to Corsica in the blue Mediterranean.

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TEA WITH THE GROWNUPS

MUMMIE is expecting Mr. Lee for tea, darling, and you may have a little tea party with us, if you'd like to. Only I wouldn't go so near the fire, dear, if I were you. . . . Because you mustn't, dear. . . . Because fires are very warm, and the nearer you get the more uncomfortable you will be. . . . I don't know any stories, dear. . . . Why don't you get one of your nice books and look at the pictures? . . . But I told you that story this morning. . . . Well, suppose you tell it to me, instead. . . . The one about Mary Wright? All right, but I'm awfully tired and I thought I might close my eyes and rest for a few minutes. . . . Well, Mary was a little girl four years old, with golden curls, and she had the cutest little white kitten with black ears and a black tail that you ever saw. And one day . . . No, dear, I didn't say it was gray this morning; I'm sure it was white. . . . You want the kitten to be gray? . . . All right, darling. Well, Mary had a little gray kitten, gray all over, and one day the kitten didn't drink all of his milk up because he wasn't hungry, and his mother said to him that he ought to drink it all up because there are lots of kittens living in the streets who would be awfully glad to have any milk at all—there's the doorbell, darling. Please say "How do you do?" very nicely to Mr. Lee, and give him your right hand. . . . Because a long time ago someone decided that people should always give their right hands when they shake hands. . . . I don't know what the man's name was, darling, but that's what everybody is taught to do. . . .

HELLO, Jim dear. Come right in. Say "How do you do?," darling. You remember Mr. Lee, don't you? No? I think if you think hard you will. . . . No, dear, I don't think he has brought you a present. This isn't Christmas. . . . No, dear, Christmas was just here and it won't be here for a long time again. . . . You don't mind if Joan has tea with

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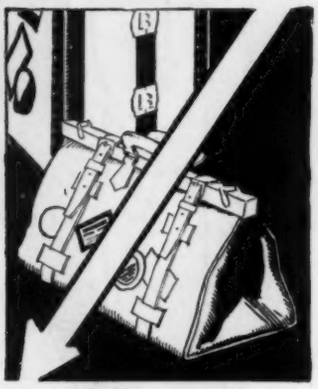

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us, do you, Jim? She's really awfully good, and this is the only time of the day when I'm with her. Look out for the fire, darling. I'm so afraid she'll get too close to it, but I hate to use the word "burn" to her because it's so dangerous to tell children things that might frighten them. She might never go near a fire then, or it might make her dreadfully fire-conscious or something. I think it's so unfair to shove children off into their rooms as soon as someone comes in. They have to adapt themselves to an adult world some time. . . . No, sweet, I don't think Mr. Lee wants to turn somersaults just now—perhaps later when he's had some tea and toast.

JIM, I've got the most exciting thing to tell you. . . . Joan, dear, I'm talking now. Please look at your picture-book for a while. . . . No, dear, we all know the story of the Three Bears, and besides I want to talk to Mr. Lee. Jim, Alice just phoned me. What do you think has happened? Joan, please don't go so near the fire. It's very warm in there. . . . Yes, dear, that's where Santa Claus came down. Well, the fire wasn't going that night. Alice said that Peter had just told her . . . Joan, if I have to speak to you once more you can't have any chocolate tomorrow after your lunch. It's so hard to punish that child. She doesn't really like chocolate, anyway, but you can't shut them in closets any more, or slap them. Alice said that Peter is going to—Joan, go to your room. . . . I know you don't want to, but I've told you to stay away from the fireplace several times. . . . It means many. Lots. . . . It's just a different word for it. You simply have to explain words to children when they ask you, I think. You can't say wait till tomorrow, or you'd forget and their vocabularies would never increase. Oh, here's tea. Let's see,

• •

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you take two sugars and lemon, don't you? Joan, here's your milk, dear, and here's a lovely piece of toast with strawberry jam on it. Tuck in your napkin, dear, so you don't spill it. That's all you can have because it's so near your supper time. I think it's awfully good for her to have tea with me because tea is really the most sociable meal of the day. She loves it. Look out, Joan. Hold your cup straight, dear, or it will spill. Oh, I'm so sorry, Jim. I don't think tea spots a suit, does it? It's really almost all hot water, anyway. No, Joan, you can't have Mr. Lee's toast. I said you could only have one piece. . . . Well, then, just the tiniest little bite. . . . No, Joan, I don't really think Mr. Lee wants to play horsie. You see, we want to talk.

WELL, where was I? Oh, yes, Alice said that Peter is—really I feel sorry for Alice—she has had such a tough winter—Joan, now you've burned a hole in your dress. Damn it. . . . Damn means—nothing, dear. I don't suppose she has to know that yet. Please, dear, stop jumping up and down. It makes me so nervous. . . . It means jumpy. . . . No, not jumpy the way you were doing. Nervous. . . . No, I don't want to jump with you. . . . My God, there goes the tray!

Get out of here, Joan. If it weren't for modern education I'd like to hit her with the poker.

—BEATRICE KAUFMAN

•

YOU HAVE ONLY YOURSELF TO BLAME

Of course I love you, but I find
That very pleasant state of mind
And heart somehow encourages
A warm, expansive happiness
That makes me, in adoring you,
Susceptible to others too.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

•

RICHARD HALLIBURTON, author of "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure" is writing a new book, "New Worlds to Conquer." Here he tells the glamorous story of how he followed on foot the trail of Cortez across Mexico, climbed Popocatepetl twice, found the Place Where the Sun Is Tied, toured the Argentine with a hand organ and a monkey, and lived alone on Robinson Crusoe's Island.—*Adv. in the Times.*

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THE ART GALLERIES

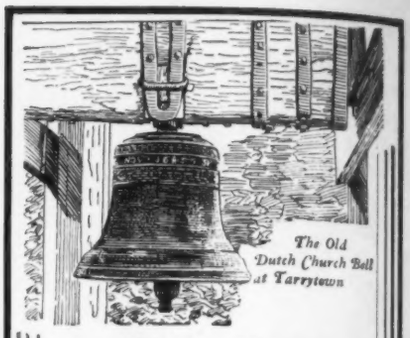
With Mixed Emotions

THE Salons of America are having their spring show at the Anderson Galleries, and there is much in evidence to cheer you. We do not know the origins of this group or the particular method it uses in choosing members, but the result is a sort of selected Independents' Society, with the emphasis going to the young men. The Salons feel that the possibility of a painter's finding a dealer, and thence an audience, depends largely upon his opportunity to show his wares. Consequently, they do not concern themselves too much with erecting barriers so high that they will not admit the fledglings.

As a whole, we found the exhibit one of the brightest this organization has held. Putting aside the painters who have already arrived, such as Kuniyoshi, Alexander Brook, Adolf Dehn, Leo Katz, Katherine Schmidt, Stefan Hirsch, and Max Weber, there is enough to occupy the genius-seeker, or, if you are not concerned with that, to follow the yearly development of the men.

The landscape of Benjamin Kopman shines like a beacon on these walls, having more brilliance, it seemed to us, than when hung among its own kind at the Neumann show; and Arnold Friedman contributes one of his best poetic landscapes. There is a good deal of interest in a very young talent, Riki Hallgarten, who at seventeen has some considerable technical skill. The primitive rendering of Lilian Prentiss we found reposeful. Arnold Wiltz we like better every year. Others we considered of interest were Beulah Weaver, Milton Avery, Eve Kottgen, Mordecai Gorelik, Boris Aronson, and Vincent Canade.

THE Daniel Gallery is sponsoring Raphael Soyer, a young man who bursts upon us with a first showing after many years of preparation in the environs. Soyer is a rare treat, for he goes against his tradition. Most of his contemporaries, with similar origin and training, paint in dull pigment the record of man's struggle up through the mud. They are happiest when the



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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

sky bears down upon them. Soyer seems to get a lot of fun out of life.

By that, we do not mean that he is a humorist consciously trying to get an effect. Rather, he is a fine reporter and a sensitive painter, and consequently gets into most of his canvases some mark that sets off their character in almost indiscernible strokes. In his "Gloucester" there is all the town's concentrated meanness, depicted by the radio sign, the sagging rear of the taxi, or perhaps the macrocephalous citizen lolling against the telegraph pole. One would be hard put to analyze and ferret out the particular detail that is the essential clue to his effect. In the "Woman Smoking" and the "Nude with Calendar" there is a good deal of bitterness. The painter has chosen to be uncompromising and has not even had the lady do her hair. While following his own god of veracity, we feel that Soyer is running away from the commercial deities.

In his various street scenes he is happiest, for they have a delicate French air and are not unlike the early Impressionists. The "Still Life with Clock" is a carefully painted study, but we felt that the arrangement is a little stilted and the color too low, and that the painter's heart was not in the undertaking. Mr. Soyer has already found his way into several collections and now that he has a regular gallery we imagine he will move on to his reward.

THE paintings and drawings of José Clemente Orozco are to remain at the gallery of the Art Students' League until April 28. If you can stand raw meat they are worth seeing. Orozco is one of the great mural painters of Mexico, but we imagine it will be a little difficult for Americans to understand what this is all about, being trained as they are to the calendar-art fashion of wall decoration. Art, we imagine, has a direct connection with a country's potential revolutionary quality. Mexico can have a revolution every year; America's last one was held one hundred and fifty odd years ago. The difference between Mexico's taste in murals and ours is about that. While we do not think Orozco is as great as Rivera, there are others who think he is better. You should see the show, especially if you have just visited the Allied Artists in the room below.

NOW and then our heart is almost broken. We want to apologize for the many times we ballyhooed the

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One Hundred Important Paintings exhibit held in connection with the Architectural Exposition at the Grand Central Palace. If you went to see it on our recommendation, we can only beg your pardon humbly and promise that never again will we be optimistic and prate about a thing before it has happened.

The particular shell game that took our credulous fancy was the Art Council's seemingly good plan for the selection of the paintings to be hung. As proposed, this was to be done by a vote of all the artists in the community, the resulting show to represent at least the popular verdict. However, the joker in the scheme, unknown to us at least, but now printed in the catalogue, was that the committee reserved the right to make the final decisions. Previous examples of ineptitude and incompetence by this same organization did not warn us, and we barged ahead beating the drum. The show as finally assembled was a poor compromise of almost anything the dealers happened to have handy. Even the Old Guard did not get a fair break. If the exhibit holds the best of the Academy output, we feel we have been too kind in times past.

The next-to-last paragraph in the catalogue is an illuminating bit of naïveté. Written by someone who thinks that art has something to do with geography, it sets forth "statistics of interest" showing that Grand Rapids, Monterey, and Quebec each provided one picture for the show. Another helpful feature of the catalogue is the illuminating notes that accompany the pictures. We wonder whether the moderns are more modest or do not know how to write. Four lines of biographical data are devoted to one of the best painters in the group; half pages are given to the mediocre. The pen is to be mightier than the brush.

IN one room, kindly put together for some reason, are the younger men and women known as modern. Here you can find some of the fair and middling accomplishments of such artists as Marin, Brook, Dove, Kuniyoshi, O'Keeffe, Dickinson, Pascin, Weber, Matulka, Maurer, Kantor, Driggs, Friedman, and Demuth. Demuth and Dickinson, we should add, are each represented by one of their best. Since the entrance and the main rooms were devoted to the old-timers, it is possible that you did not find this display.

We hope no foreigners saw the show and believed the label of "One Hundred Important Paintings." Ah

well, we suppose art can withstand even incompetence.

THE Allied Artists of America are having their annual exhibit at the Fine Arts Society Building, continuing until May 5. It is a diluted sort of Academy showing, bringing its recruits from all parts of the country. It differs from the Academy in that most of the Academy canvases were painted the night before and are still fresh and shiny when the doors are thrown open and the judges wheeled in. The Allied bits travel far and are sometimes dull by the time they are unpacked. Also, there are more members in the Allied Artists, and so the middle room is crowded six-high with offerings. It is a show to see with your eyes closed or on roller-skates—or to be greatly enjoyed if you like this kind of pastry.

AT THE OTHER GALLERIES: Neumann's Art Circle has opened a show of American, French, German, Italian, and Russian painters. We will see it later. . . . Also, the Opportunity Gallery is holding the last exhibit of its season, with thirty-five or more hopefuls, at the Art Center. . . . Until May 4 Robert Hallowell, one of the painters to rise quickly to a paying public, has a show of Cuban pictures at the Montross Gallery. The space is shared by Aurica Calonesco. . . . The Newhouse Galleries have an exhibition of Dutch Little Masters, lasting until May 5. . . . The G. R. D. Studios have a show of self-portraits. . . . The American Academy of Arts and Letters has an exhibition of memorabilia of members in its rooms at Broadway and 155th Street. . . . By request the Public Library has revived its old popular favorite, "The Making of an Etching." This show has had longer runs than any other on its records. . . . The Morton Galleries have Vera Stevens and Lue Osborne. . . . The Macbeth Gallery is showing fifteen early canvases of Childe Hassam. . . . The Spuyten Duyvil Artists are having a home-talent show at the Nipnichsen Club.

—M. P.

•

Our reporter, while passing the south side of the Hardman lumber yard one day the fore part of the week, cast an eagle eye to the west and south, and discovered that the tower of the Morland oil well was in plain view from that vantage point.—*Hill City (Kan.) Republican.*

But did he *act?*

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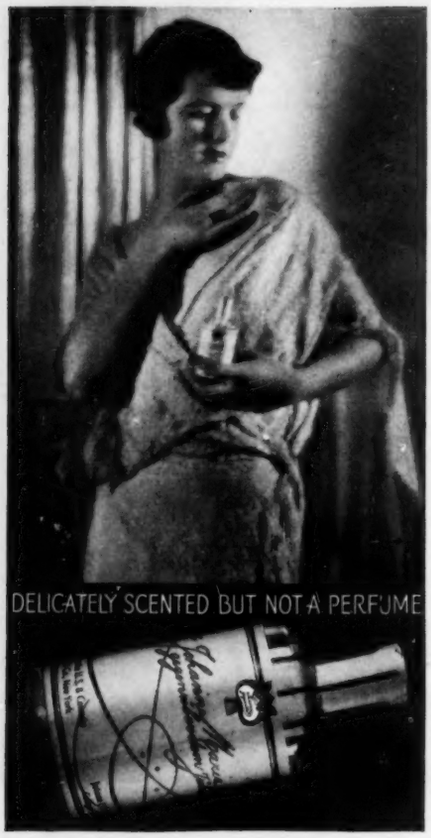

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THE TITLE

THE scene takes place in the office of Charles Smetnik, a former hat-check concessionaire, who is about to offer his first dramatic production on Broadway. Several of the stockholders of The Smetnik Productions, Inc., have dropped in.

SMETNIK—Now you take the average audiences. What does "The Dip" mean to your average audience? Why, he thinks "The Dip" means somethin' like Cooney Island—y'know, the thing you go up in an' you go down in.

FINK *(a stockholder)*—I dunno, Charlie. Now you take these here crook plays. The average audience hears so much crook plays he knows the slang better 'n the crooks theirselves.

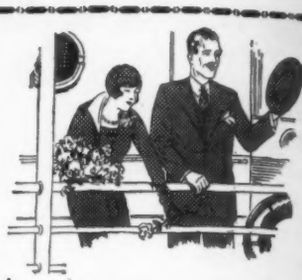
HARRIS *(a casting agent)*—How about calling it "Snakey Joe"? Nearly evvey big hit on Broadway is named after the principal character. Now you take—let me see—you take—ah—well, I can't think of any on the boards right now—yeah—! You take "Lightnin'." Now you take that there play. See how long that ran and it was named after Frank Bacon. And look at "Abie's Irish Rose." Five years it ran and why? Because it was named on account of the two leading characters.

SMETNIK—I dunno, Harris. Of course, there's somethin' in what you say, but it don't click with me, somehow.

SHAPIRO *(a stockholder)*—Well, you people may be in the theat'ical game but all the same, bein' as how I'm not in it and I'm just one of the audience, I oughta know what appeals to me. Now, why not call it after a neighborhood? One of the best plays I ever seen was this here "Broadway," and look, that was named after a neighborhood. And this latest play by Brice, I think he's called. "The Street Scene." Capacity, because I tried to get seats for a client. If I was you, Charlie, I'd call it after a section.

SMETNIK—I should call it yet "Eighth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street." I should pay yet an electric bill for that.

SHAPIRO—You think maybe because a title is big you can't get it up in lights? My missus has a subscription ticket to the Theatre Guild and



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I saw a play, "They Knew What They Wanted," and it seemsa me, Charlie, that was a hit.

SMETNIK—You talkin' about the Theatre Guild? Say, with their subscribers it's no wonder they're a hit.

FINK—We also got subscribers if you wanna count the guys who got pieces of this here show. Believe me, if we played only to the stockholders alone, we'd still have a capacity house. How many shares, anyhow, did you sell, Charlie?

SMETNIK—Listen, there ain't no lawr against sellin' the stock I own personally, is there?

COOPER *(Smetnik's cousin, out of a job and acting as office man)*—Listen, Charlie, why don't you have somethin' sexy like Mae West. Why don't you call the play "Easy Virtue"?

HARRIS—It seemsa me there was a play called "Easy Virtue."

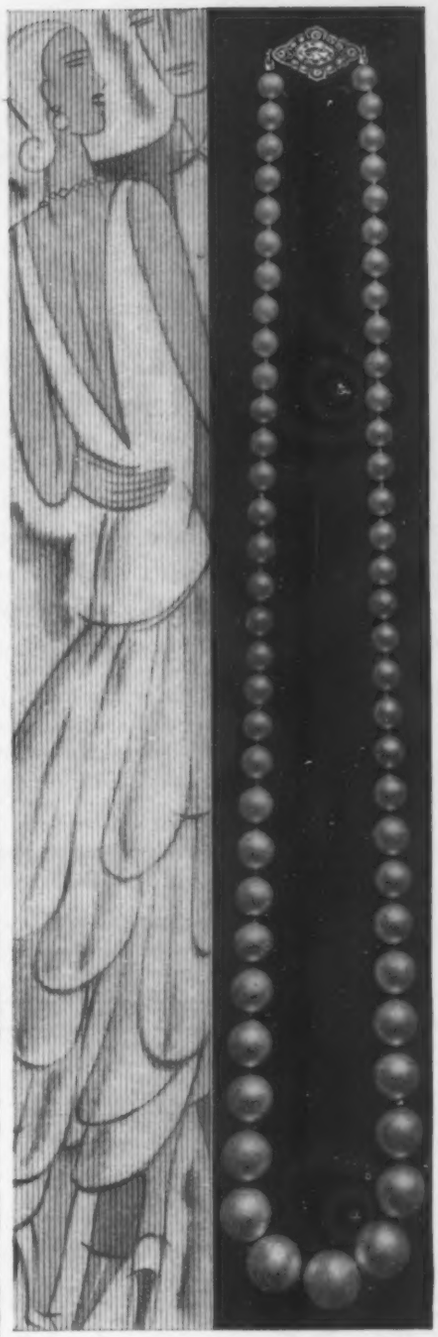
COOPER—Oh! Well, why not call it "Virtue for Sale"? That's sexy and it's got a punch.

SMETNIK—Listen, Elias. You don't know what it's about so you better not say anythin'. First of all, it's got nothin' to do with sex. It's about a dame who double-crosses her sweetie who's a cop. Oney he ain't really a cop but he belongs to another gang.

COOPER—Oh, I din know. I thought it was about sex, and "Virtue for Sale" is a good name for a sex play. Of course, if it's about crooks then you can't use "Virtue for Sale." But all the same, Charlie—

FINK—Y'know, I still think "The Dip" is a good title. Don't get me wrong. Just because I made it up—

SMETNIK—You made it up! Say, din I say we should call it "Crooks" and then we started to argue and finally at the end of the argument din we agree to call it "The



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Dip"? You're always grabbin' away the credit.

FINK—So help me, Charlie, I made it up! I deliberately says to you, "How about callin' the play—"

SMETNIK—Aw, what's the use of arguin'. I gotta go to the rehearsal hall because I put in a call for two and it's already a quarter to two.

HARRIS—Well, Mr. Smetnik, what about the title?

SMETNIK—Hell, let it ride the way it is. After all, I think the average audience knows by this time that "The Dip" means a pickpocket, and even if the play ain't strictly about pickpockets at lease it's a good title. It's short, anyways, and that's good for the ads because it cuts down expense. I dunno why you boys are always wantin' to change the title. If I said, "Let's call it 'Green,'" you would say, "No, let's call it 'Red.'"

FINK—Well, I always thought it was a good title. If I din I wouldn't of made it up.

SHAPIRO—I still think it's over your average audience's head. But we'll let it go at that.

SMETNIK—Listen—if the play's a hit, then the title don't matter at all. If it's a flop, then what good is your title? *(The phone rings.)* Hello. Yeah. Oh, yeah. Well, I'll be over at the rehearsal in about ten minutes. I'll talk to you then. Goodbye.

SHAPIRO—Who is it?

SMETNIK—The author. He don't like the title, "The Dip." Well, let's go, and maybe on our way we can think up a new title that will be good. *(Exeunt)*

—ARTHUR KOBER

•

KNICKERBOCKER ANCESTOR

Snuff the candle,
Snap the thread,
A passing wind
And I'll be dead.

My children's children
Yet shall dance
And stab as gaily
At mischance.

My mother's mother
Knew as much,
But was more pious,
Being Dutch.

—ISABEL MCLENNAN MCMEEKIN

THE TENNIS COURTS

The Cup in Europe and Some Young Men Here

WHEN France took the Davis Cup, a blow was dealt to the exchequer of the United States Lawn Tennis Association and some of its member clubs. In the days when Tilden and Johnston held absolute sway, Germantown and Forest Hills formed the mecca toward which the ablest players of the world gravitated; and the galleries were always packed. Now Wimbledon has come back into its own and St. Cloud has taken its place among the leading centres of the game, while those in America have deteriorated.

Yet the loss of the Cup has not been without its compensations. In 1900, those salad days of American tennis when Dwight Davis put up his trophy, there were just two months in which interest ran high—August and September—and no tennis that amounted to anything was played until July.

Now, the Davis Cup squad is active by April. The Southern tournaments have gained in importance, the grass court has gone into eclipse, and the clay court has assumed the position that belongs to it as the popular surface for play. In less than three weeks International competition will be in full swing, with the United States facing Canada at Montreal.

The loss of the Cup has also introduced the game to parts of the country other than New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. Last year Augusta, Kansas City, St. Louis, and Chicago were hosts to the Davis Cup team, and this season Washington and Detroit have been awarded the two ties to be played in this country. Those cities will take more interest in tennis than they did when they were reading about matches in New York and Philadelphia.

THE personnel of the American team is to be considerably changed, at least so far as the play on this side of the Atlantic is concerned. Tilden and Hunter are out of it, for on May 8 they sail for Europe. That means that the new generation of players is going to shoulder all the responsi-

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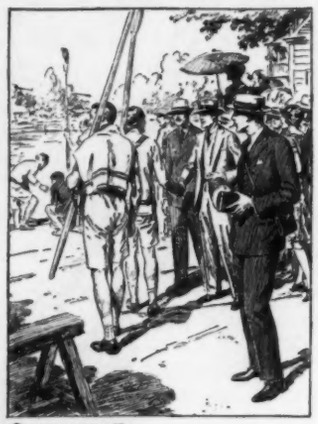

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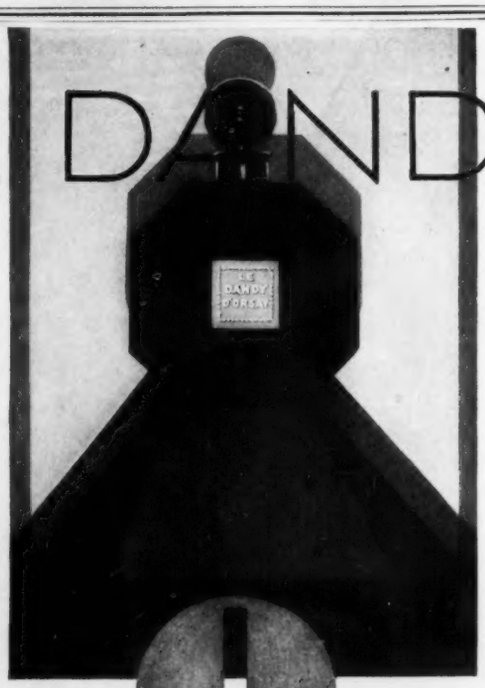

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bility, which is exactly what the critics of the Davis Cup Committee have been howling for. They would sever all ties with the past on the theory that so long as we continue to use our veterans we are denying young hopefuls the opportunity for seasoning, and are postponing the reclamation of the Cup.

No one seems to have given any thought to the years that Tilden has spent in harness, to the American victories that would hardly have been possible without him, and to the consideration that is due him for his long period of service. It also might be remembered that he is still the ranking player of the country, and that, though he is thirty-six, he beat Lacoste in the challenge round last July.

Anyway, Tilden, by eliminating himself and Hunter for the present, has spared Joseph Wear and Fitz-Eugene Dixon the pain of making a decision. Whether they will be drafted for the interzone and challenge-round matches, if the United States goes that far, is a bridge that needn't be crossed now. I have an idea, though, that Mr. Wear harbors a belief that the Cup can be won back this year, but not without Tilden. So I don't think that Tilden has played his last Davis Cup match yet.

WITH Tilden and Hunter out, the burden is shifted to John Hennessey, George Lott, John Van Ryn, and Wilmer Allison. Lott has been playing baseball at the University of Chicago, and playing it so well that he is said to have received an offer from one of Chicago's major-league clubs. Baseball and tennis do not mix, and it is being said on all sides that he is sacrificing his tennis future; but George Lott was never so conventional as to care what anyone said about him, and when he came back from France last year he remarked that Paris wasn't so much. From which I take it that it won't break his heart if he doesn't make the team this year, and from the indifference he has shown toward what is going on in tennis, it would surprise me if he showed up at Montreal.

That leaves Hennessey, Van Ryn, and Allison as the nucleus for this year's team. A few months ago they were saying that Hennessey's feet are in bad shape and that he is through, but according to Van Ryn, who went up against him in the South, Hennessey is playing better tennis than ever, and in the American zone he should be the foremost man on the team.

Van Ryn, who refused to sacrifice

a degree from Princeton last year, is hot-foot after a place on the Davis Cup team this season. All winter he played on the Pacific Coast; he came East to beat Hunter and Tilden in the indoor tournament at the Heights Casino, and then packed his bags for more practice in the South. I don't see how they can keep him off. There isn't a weakness in his game, his temperament is ideal, he is a fighter, and no player takes better care of himself. His lack of International experience may count against him, but he is still worthy of a place as a singles player in spite of that, and as a doubles man he has no superior in the country. He and Allison, his partner of last year, make a strong combination, and there is every likelihood that they will take care of the doubles in Canada.

INTEREST in the Davis Cup, and all other tennis, was forgotten for a day last week when Miss Helen Wills came to town to spend a few hours before sailing for England. As the champion of America, England, and France, Miss Wills naturally merited attention, but it wasn't because she was going to Europe to win some more titles that newspaper and cameramen pursued her all over town.

Before she left California, a rumor got out that a greater honor than any she ever gained on a tennis court is in store for her in England. Miss Wills properly refused to discuss the matter, but since the date for her team match in Holland was put off twenty-four hours, and it had originally conflicted with that on which it was said she is to be presented at Buckingham Palace, everyone put two and two together, and got the answer they wanted.

SEEN HERE AND THERE: William Tilden, surrounded by a hundred excited youngsters, autographing balls for a solid hour at the Bayside Tennis Club after his match with Frank Hunter. . . . Brian Norton at the Park Central waiting to be restored as an amateur after a professional career lasting four days. . . . Frank Anderson, formerly National indoor-tennis champion, signing a contract to become head professional at the Westchester Biltmore C. C. . . . May Sutton Bundy, Wimbledon champion in 1905 and 1907, arriving in town en route to Wimbledon, and completely overlooked in the rush for Helen Wills. —A. D.

Of the Making of Appetizers There is no End

BUT of the making of intriguing appetizers there is an appalling dearth—as any professional diner-out can aver. How welcome, then, are the countless suggestions for canapés and other hors d'oeuvres to be found at Acker-Merrall's.

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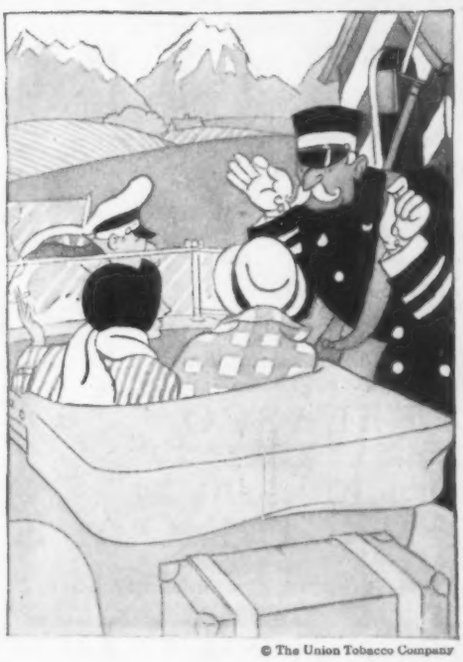

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THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 2nd, Benefit Performance for Lenox Hill Hospital

THE OARSMEN

Young Men Who Would A-Rowing Go—M.I.T. and the Navy—Seasled Shell

OUR habitual detractors of the youth of the land have overlooked the rowing history of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In post-war days when the easiest way was supposed to be the favorite with undergraduates, the Tech oarsmen started with nothing but plenty of determination, and have now come close to the top in rowing. For one week anyway, theirs remains the only undefeated Eastern crew, and when you have to beat Navy on the Severn to gain the title, that means more than it ordinarily would.

JUST nine years ago several of the young men at M.I.T. decided they would like to have a crew. Eight-oared rowing is the most expensive of college sports, and Tech has no stadium to earn revenue from football. It hasn't even got a football team. No one knew exactly how they were going to have a crew. The men themselves finally decided to accomplish the feat by simply starting to row. They bought a second-hand shell from a boat club, climbed into it, and began risking their lives on the river.

At first they coached themselves, and then Pat Manning, a Charles riverman who still rigs their boats, helped out. Later, Professor F. S. Dellenbaugh, Jr., who had rowed a bit at Columbia under Jim Rice, took a hand. A Lieutenant Harris of the Navy, at Tech for post-graduate work, was the last of the volunteers, with Arthur Stevens, a Harvard graduate who had written a book on rowing without having been in a varsity shell, added to the list at various times.

During those first years Tech rowed no outside races. Then the crew began meeting others. When they went to another college's river, they simply put their oars on the train with the luggage and borrowed a shell when they got there.

ALL this time, Dr. Allen W. Rowe, a Bostonian, was trying manfully to get some money for the crew. He was a physician with an engineering degree from Tech, which

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made him unusual. What was even more unusual was the tireless fashion in which he worked to give the Tech oarsmen a chance to compete on even terms with the rest. Finally, in 1924, Bill Haines, robust, red-faced, and white-mustached, was obtained as head coach. Haines, for years a famous oarsman in England, had coached Harvard crews with a good deal of success, but had lost by a few feet to the famous Yale "gutless crew" of 1921, and been demoted to the 150-pounders.

When he took up his duties at Tech he made arrangements with Oxford to buy second-hand English shells and the boys rowed in them for a while. Later, they managed to get a new Davey shell for the varsity, but the jayvees still raced in the Oxford boats, which had old-fashioned thole-pins. This year a second new shell was procured and both crews now use American ones.

BILL began turning out good crews. They beat Cornell and they beat Princeton, and they beat Harvard on occasions. Each spring they would journey to Annapolis to spend a week of their spring vacation at the Naval Academy and, at the week's end, row their hosts in the opening race of the Eastern season.

It was a polite contest, every time, with Tech leading until the end, and the huge Navy crews slamming through to a last-minute victory. There was always that hope of stopping the Navy on its home waters, and until this season there always was disappointment.

This year Bill found some husky sophomores, and he turned them into a pretty crew. Once more Tech went out in front at the start, and then stayed there to the finish, leaving in the wake a thoroughly defeated Navy shell, and a glittering admiral's gig containing numerous highly ranked and stunned officers.

DESPITE this opening race, Navy is likely to be a tough opponent by the time the Poughkeepsie regatta rolls around. There is a big squad of thick-shouldered, heavy-muscled midshipmen, and they are so nearly uniform in ability that Dick Glendon has been hard put to it to select a varsity. He has had two crews rowing each other in practice with neither able to shake the other off much. In fact, the day before the Tech race, the juniors beat his varsity in a trial.

That sort of thing has been going on all season, but in the end it is likely that he will have found his best eight,

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and that it will be an extremely good one.

IN the meantime, the Tech victory has made the early races interesting and it has given those of this weekend real importance. The crew that beat the Navy is to meet Princeton on the Charles, and the older Glendon will bring his varsity to New York for a go against his son's Columbia crew.

Incidentally, the chances are regarded as more than fair that Tech will go to Poughkeepsie this year. If they win a few more races, it will practically be a certainty. That, assuredly, means the climax in the interesting and exceedingly sporting rowing career of a college that has only crew and track as outside sports.

THE season's experimental shell has appeared at Princeton. Only fifty-two feet long, and wider than the average boat, the principle of its design is based on the theory of the seasled: broader skin-surface on the water and less resistance under it. The varsity has not decided as yet to use this boat, though several expert rowing men think it quite practical. Dick Glendon, for instance, points out that single scullers began making faster time when they turned to shorter skiffs.

—R. F. K.

•

Girls who go to dinner "Dutch"
Never will amount to much.

—D. D.

•

Miss Ina Adams received painful injuries from the talons of a large horned owl with a wing spread of over 34 inches which she captured in her bare hands. She will be stuffed and mounted and put on display in the windows of the bank on Main Street.—*Kenton (O.) News Republican.*

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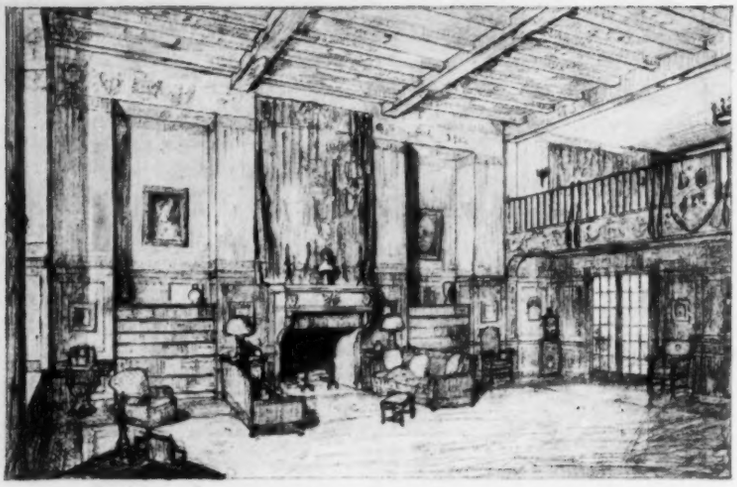

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EVADNE

BEFORE Evadne came I had no pets, nor any little ones. It was God's will, I gather, that I should no longer pursue my selfish, careless, abandoned way, free to wander where I would. It was no desire of mine that Evadne should take possession of my household; but there are things beyond our powers, and in this infinite hurlyburly we must be acquiescent. "I have a present for you," said a mildly affectionate lady, "a Siamese cat. They are the most beautiful and expensive cats in the world. They are sensitive and delicate cats, like all handsome and valuable things. This one is called Evadne after me—not that I expect that to make any difference to you."

Sometimes as I consider Evadne the cat gambolling about my rooms, darting from under consoles to nip my ankles, or reaching a merciless claw from the back of a chair to rip my cheek, I wonder if Evadne the woman intended only a kindness when she gave me this cat. A cat from Siam seems an alien thing in the Grand Rapids Mission furnishings of my place. She belongs to a country of heathen beaches and of jungles as intricate as the arguments of an eminent ecclesiastic caught in some plight like, say, a Volstead raid.

She despises me, I am sure. She bears me the contempt that the Oriental has for a gross Occidental product. In some ways she may consider me of some practical use, and in cat councils refer to me as a trying servant that she must endure in a barbaric world. "My housekeeper didn't get in till after midnight," her perfect Siamese

• •

caterwauling may be translated, "and my supper was late. I can't stand that sort of thing much longer."

IT was my church work that kept me out late that night when Evadne was so aggrieved. Evadne is a Buddhist, and has a profound aversion to my Christian doings. On the evening in question a serious argument had arisen at the Meeting House. Men had been caught smoking at the Men's Friendly dinner, which had caused disagreeable comment, and for a while I was distracted from any thought of Evadne.

Never shall I forget the contempt in the look that cat gave me when I came home. I felt that she knew all that we had been discussing at the Meeting House, and that to her this worry of ours over a matter of morals and manners and hygiene was one of the grotesqueries of our crude young civilization. I entered my homestead a-thrill with the idealism of the cause for which my church stood, the abolition of alcohol and, eventually, of nicotine. I saw myself as one of the crusaders for the forming of a better world. I was elated. Then I saw that glance of scorn from Evadne, that savage twist of cat lips, that slow rhythmic primitive swing of her tail. There was a command, too, in her manner. "Get my food, and be damned quick about it," she indicated clearly, not slurring the profanity.

As I hurried to do her bidding all my noble intentions, my struggle for better things, for the higher cleaner life, seemed discarded. This wild beast that I harbored in my home, this poised and beautiful and savage thing, this "tiger, tiger burning bright" terrified me. I must get rid of her, I thought. I shall give her to the Board of Foreign Missions, and they may contrive to send her back to Siam.

YET I have not given Evadne to the missionaries. For some reason I cannot part with her. I think it is because I want to protect the missionaries from this baneful influence. As I am a good man and law-abiding, it cannot be that I keep her with me because I cherish her.

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

•

Rupert Hughes has just completed an unusual motion picture scenario concerning women and war. This is a subject in which Mr. Hughes is much interested. —*Book notes from Harper's Magazine.*

And a grand old subject it is, too.

The Crest of the Wave

A GORGEOUS plume in the hat, a scintillating crest topping the wave, a gardenia in the buttonhole; such is Society to the life of a great nation. And it is not only a decoration, but an ever-moving light comedy . . . a splendid panorama of lovely ladies and millionaires yachting, swimming, speeding, dancing, loving and marrying in a spectacular manner that delights even those who only observe.

And to keep up with this expensive, brilliant spectacle, to become a highly amused part of it, you have but to follow the *New York Evening Journal's* Society Page, edited by a privileged member of New York's most exclusive and active social set. From behind his famous *nom de plume* of "Billy Benedick," he so wittily, thoroughly and accurately turns the inside out, that Society, itself, dares not miss a single issue of his page, which has become the most widely read in the city.

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Occupancy Early Summer 1929

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8-10-13 Rooms

30 EAST 71st STREET
9 and 12 Rooms

14 EAST 75th STREET
Studio Living Rooms
3 to 8 Rooms

130 EAST 75th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms

175 EAST 79th STREET
3 and 6 Rooms

325 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

345 EAST 57th STREET
3 to 6 Rooms

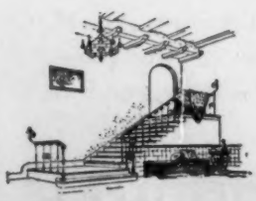
◆

For Immediate Occupancy

911 PARK AVENUE
12 Rooms

941 PARK AVENUE
Duplex Apartments
12 and 13 Rooms

410 EAST 57th STREET
6 and 7 Rooms



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NEW APARTMENTS

Some Rooms with a View —Penthouses for All

THE same old thing that makes the world go round is causing sundry anxious youths and maidens to inquire of this kindly, hoary department where they may find shelter within their means after the spring and summer weddings. Several answers follow.

This doesn't mean, however, that lone souls of either sex won't be interested in these buildings; or that babies, pets, or grandmothers will be banned though the tenants want them.

FOR a number of builders, there are lessons to be learned at 400 East Fifty-eighth Street. Here is a house planned for low rents, and offering in exchange larger rooms and better planning than in some of the most expensive districts in town. First Avenue will not always be a ragtag street, nor the land fronting it go at bargain prices. Consider, therefore, a building in which you can get an apartment with a living-room 26′ x 13′6″; a foyer 13′ x 8′; a dining-alcove, brilliant with sun and nearly eight feet square, and adjoining a well-equipped kitchen with electric refrigeration; a corner bedroom 17′ x 12′ with cross-ventilating windows; a complete bath; and four large closets. Above the eleventh floor, you may have a fireplace. The rent you pay for this near-miracle will be from $1,260 to $2,500. Obviously, the size of the rooms is the principal attraction—you can actually live in them—but the arrangement is so charming, the details so complete and unobtrusive, and the distribution of doors and windows so sane that George Fred Pelham, the architect, rates three long cheers.

The apartment I have outlined is the "B." There still are "C," "D," and "E" suites to be had—the same number of rooms but with minor variations; a few "A" apartments of four rooms and two baths (none higher than $3,200); and "H" single-room apartments with small kitchen, bath, and three closets. Also, there are two four-room penthouses, one at $3,200 and one at $4,200, and my advice is to rush for the plans if you are inter-

40 EAST 66TH STREET

This modern new apartment house offers fastidious New Yorkers a home of marked distinction in the center of the city's exclusive social district. Here you will find well planned rooms of unusual spaciousness and practical livability. Rentals very reasonable.

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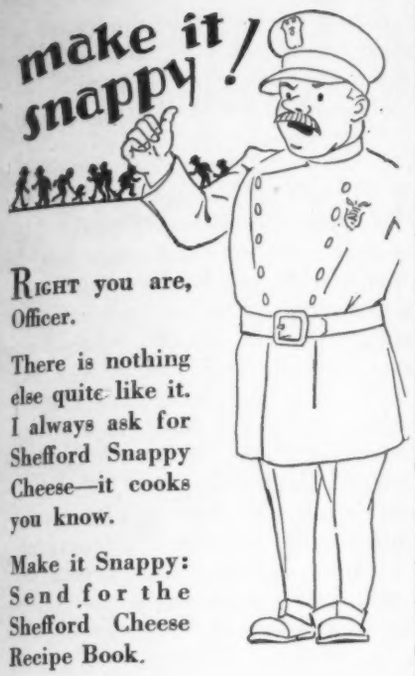

RIGHT you are, Officer.

There is nothing else quite like it. I always ask for Shefford Snappy Cheese—it cooks you know.

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THE quality of the services—dining room—maid—valet—offered tenants are those established by the cooperative owners for their own comfort.

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a few with Terraces
Some DUPLEX

Housekeeping facilities with the services of the more exclusive clubs

Rentals from $3,000

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ested. They have all the advantages of the apartments downstairs, and higher ceilings, roof-gardens, and extraordinary views as well.

CERTAIN touches are particularly good. The dining-alcoves, usually such dens of horror, are placed at the window end of the kitchens, and are so large that a lattice dividing them from the scene of action would make them into cunning little dining-rooms—with space for your knees. This plan, while reducing its size, would still admit ample light to the kitchen—because the whole building is flooded with sunlight from the ground up. Every bedroom has a mirror door (not common in small flats), and two shades (a light and a dark) are provided for each window. There is an incinerator built into the house, with a maw on each floor into which you cast the disasters of personal housework—incidentally, a maid can be lodged in the building for $300 a year. The cedar closets (one in each apartment) are lined with a new, cedar-extract, red wall plaster, guaranteed to be satisfactory and not gather dust. Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought & Company will supply more information, and usher you in about midsummer.

ALSO in First Avenue, and satisfying exacting demands for sunlight, is another modestly priced building—400 East Forty-ninth Street. You can have two-room (really a living-room, kitchen, and bath), three-room (with one bedroom), or four-room (with two bedrooms) suites, and the highest rent is $2,300 a year. After all, New York landlords don't deserve all the abuse they get, when one of them will provide electric refrigeration and all corresponding luxuries, four closets, a proper service entrance to the kitchen, a foyer, and one room, 20′ 6″ x 13′, for $2,000 a year—the price of an "F" apartment on the tenth floor. The bath has a shower, a window, and plenty of shiny white tile; altogether this house is a miniature of many large, pretentious buildings. At present, many of the rooms have lovely river views, but since there is talk of building new piles on the corner of Beekman Place, it wouldn't be wise to consider the river a permanent attraction.

Occupancy in October; Pease & Elliman, agents; and not more than a third of the apartments still available. Renting from plans is becoming more and more common; deeds are signed

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TWO FAT, ripe grapefruit hung around on a Florida tree. Along came a picker and picked 'em. Along came a squeezer and squeezed 'em. Pronto, all the fragrant, sunny juice (with nothing added but a touch of sugar) was confined to a handy little tin prison for safe-keeping . . . And there it is . . . Florida Gold, the best little mixer in captivity...waiting to be released by you!

Puncture the can! Watch the luscious juice play over the clinking ice in your tumbler or "what have you"... So convenient! No more squirting juice in the eye. No more ruined frocks, ties, furniture. No more heavy kitchen duty. Just smooth joy...and we don't mean maybe!

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by Sinclair Lewis

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"Every sentence is a tonic . . . immense, fecund inspiration, so charged with invention, wit, fancy, and a queer sense of the beauty of common things. You look forward to a new novel by Sinclair Lewis. You say: 'I've just got to read it—and at once.' . . . The man is at the height of his power."—ARNOLD BENNETT, *London Evening Standard*. $2.50

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THIS, the most significant apartment in course of construction, contains simplex and duplex housekeeping suites of 7 to 14 rooms (also a few smaller) in the mansion manner, plus restaurant and maid service. Kindly ask for plans that tell the story.

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New York Times

ROUND UP

the stories of

Ring W. Lardner

35 stories $2.50 467 pages SCRIBNERS

for coöperatives before the ground is broken, and leases in rental buildings before they have their bricks on. The early renter, not very strangely, gets the best choice.

UP in East Seventy-third Street, in two houses—Nos. 210 and 215—directly opposite each other, Bing & Bing, acting as builders only, have set themselves to the task of providing a lot for a little. They have succeeded so well that it is a pity they could not have picked a wider street, a corner, or some way of getting more assertive sunlight into their houses. As it is, they have included all the features now demanded by poor but proud renters: electric refrigeration, wood-burning fireplaces, a bath for every bedroom, numerous closets, dining-alcoves, correct service-to-kitchen arrangements, and living-rooms of good proportions and generous wall-space.

No. 210 has two, three, and four-room apartments, the two-room with their windows on their side courts, so you should be sure of getting as high up as possible. Rents for these begin at $800 (amazingly cheap, when you count up what you are getting) and the top price is $2,200 for a tenth-floor four-room suite.

No. 215 has apartments of the same size and, in addition, suites with a living-room, two bedrooms, a quite large but not so light dining-alcove, and a maid's room and bath. I could think of endless ways to use the space taken by that maid's room—since the presence of a maid in such a small establishment seems doubtful. At any rate, of the two buildings, the rents in 215 are a shade higher, the rooms being a bit larger, and run from $1,050 to $2,600.

In both you can find small penthouse apartments with twelve-foot ceilings and roof-terraces, beginning at $2,600 and ending at $4,650—the highest rent being for a small six-room duplex, with three baths and a roof-terrace, at No. 210. I consider this a find, hearing the groans I do over the penthouse problem. Douglas L. Elliman handles the details of both houses; and occupancy, as is the case nearly everywhere in town, is promised for midsummer. —PENTHOUSE

•

WOMAN HURT WHILE COOKING HER HUSBAND'S BREAKFAST IN A HORRIBLE MANNER—*Headline in the Blinnville (Tex.) Pilot.*

Well, justice is justice.

READING AND WRITING

Hero Worship

THE Literary Guild has recently caused to be distributed among its gullible members copies of a book called "Round Up" by one Ring W. Lardner. It is high time, it seems to me, that the so-called ethics of the literary racket be exposed to the innocent public. "Round Up" is nothing but sheer fiction from cover to the other cover. There are many who can go before a notary and testify that the author spent the first seventeen years of his life on land.

Any nautical terms employed by Mr. "Lardner" (is it mere coincidence that a man named Roger W. Lardenheimer, whose photographs bear a remarkable resemblance to those of the latest Guild author, disappeared completely very shortly before "Ring W. Lardner" came into the public eye?) would be laughed to scorn by authorities in De Pinna sailor suits, masters of the fleet of ships, all named Reliance II, in the Central Park Pond Service. Seekers after truth have repeatedly asked Mr. Lardner to demonstrate his ability in spitting a curve; they have been met with nothing but excuses—the light isn't right, he has had a hard day down-town, or he just doesn't feel in the mood. It may be admitted that there is a possibility of his having been able to say "goddam wind" before he was two; at any rate, he has been saying it ever since, but it is, after all, a phrase that any landlubber could master under skillful tutelage. And as to his being related to the Boston Lowells—well, it may be pretty significant that the family, when telegraphed for information on the subject, did not so much as answer.

In a recent interview, Mr. Lardner was asked what he thought of the Guild's selection of his book. "They must have been pretty hard up," was his response. Now is that or is it not the remark of a man with a veritable genius for self-exploitation? Such endeavors to creep into every heart, such adroitly timed bids for publicity, would seem to give substance to the rumor that "Round Up" is presently to be made into a motion picture with Greta Garbo, Lupe Velez, Lily Damita, Vilma Banky, Clara Bow, and Mr. Lardner himself, in the title rôle.

The Literary Guild boys would, it appears, do well to follow the example of their friends, the Book-of-the-Month-Club editors, when they were lately caught with their eye-shades down in their choice of "The Cradle of the Deep," by (*sic*) Miss Joan Lowell. The thing to do is delicately drop all talk of authenticity, and press hard on the line that the book is one of "rattling good yarns."

"I don't remember the name—it's about a girl who wants to live her own life."

"ROUND UP"—and if there were ever a cup given for the most unfortunate title of the year, it would be resting at this very moment upon the Lardner mantelpiece—is a collection of the previously published short stories of a great artist. There are two classes of people whom it is my cross to meet in my small daily round: those who think that Ring Lardner is a humorist, and those who have just discovered that Ring Lardner is something more than a humorist—the latter group makes me perhaps a shade sicker than the former. There is hope that the Guild's wide distribution of these stories, written over a period of years, may not only serve to establish Ring Lardner in his place, but to put all the head-patters in their's. If it doesn't, I shall have to go around

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Smart footwear is usually associated with high, spike heels. At Winkelman's, the same voguish designs are shown in lower heel models . . . equally smart . . . and, for many women, much more practical.

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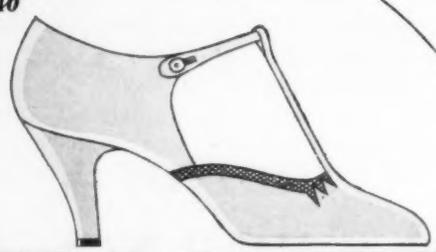

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Write for your copy of "Charm in Furniture," descriptive of our large collection.

shooting people again, and I had more or less retired from that line of work.

"Round Up" bears on its dust cover sound and dignified appreciation for the author from Mencken, Edmund Wilson, and Dr. Carl Van Doren. And Sir James Barrie lights there, like Tinker Bell, to add: "Congratulations to Ring Lardner. He is the real thing." It is indeed high time to render "congratulations to Ring Lardner;" time so high as to be positively gamey. For one cannot help recalling that when "Some Like Them Cold" (to my mind, Lardner's masterpiece) was published, Edward J. O'Brien listed it in his "Best Short Stories" for that year without even one of his trick stars to signify distinction; and that the exquisite "Golden Honeymoon" was turned down by the noted editor of a famous weekly—which act should send the gentleman down to posterity along with that little band whose members include the publisher who rejected "Pride and Prejudice," the maid who lighted the hearth with the manuscript of Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

IT is difficult to review these spare and beautiful stories; it would be difficult to review the Gettysburg address. What more are you going to say of a great thing than that it is great? You could, I suppose, speak of Ring Lardner's unparalleled ear and eye, his strange, bitter pity, his utter sureness of characterization, his unceasing investigation, his beautiful economy. Or you could, as has been done, go in for comparing him with Ernest Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson. But it seems to me that Lardner's qualities are not to be listed but to be felt, as you read his work. And it also seems that there is no reason for comparison with Anderson and Hemingway. True, they are all writers of short stories (although, if you will kindly keep off those bolts of lightning that are just getting all set to strike me, it is my conviction that only his production of "I'm a Fool" passes Mr. Anderson into such high company) but, in the words of our hero, what of it? It is not clear to me why Ring Lardner need be compared to anybody. And may Heaven help those short-story writers who are compared to him. —CONSTANT READER

MORE BOOKS

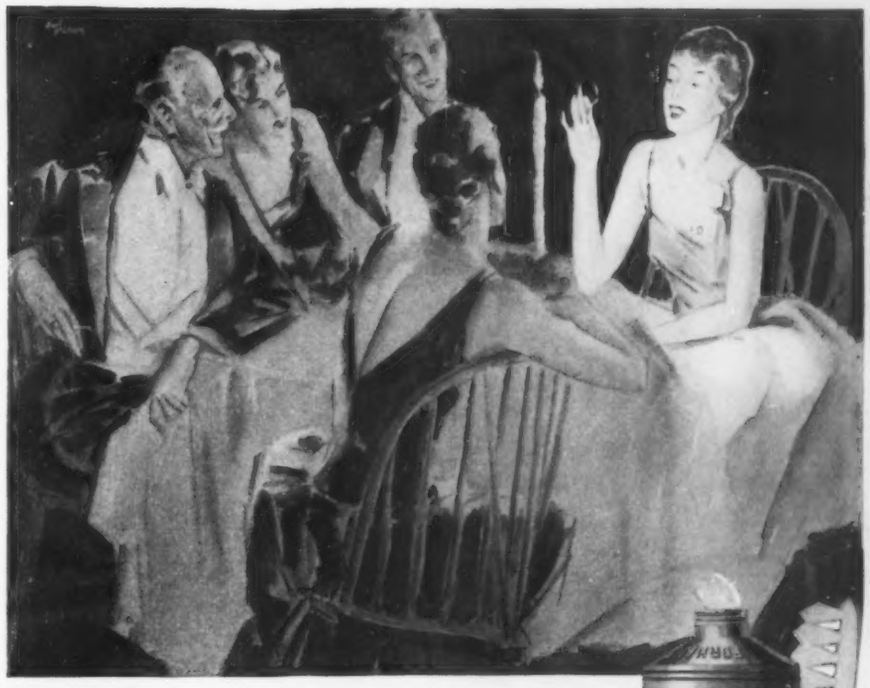
WE do not, at the moment, recall any modern novel about an educational institution which casts a

glamour over the academic life. Mr. Warner Fabian's last fantasy, "Unforbidden Fruit," did not attempt to portray a woman's college as anything but a disorderly house with an accredited alumnae association, and it was dull in spite of its deliberate bid for sensational popularity; Robert Herrick's "Chimes" touched off the exhibitionist benefactor with an ironic bitterness which would make one self-conscious about scattering carillons over the campus of one's alma mater; B. H. Lehman's "The Lordly Ones" was a monograph, in fiction, on a college president and his problems. Then there was Sudermann's "The Mad Professor"!

WE have just read two new novels about the evils of the educational system: "Wings of Wax," by Janet Hoyt, and "Treadmill," by Lola Jean Simpson. They are interesting for their point of view. Neither is a good novel. Neither, we believe, has any lasting importance; but each has a thesis which is obviously drawn from its author's experience.

"Wings of Wax" has its scene in a coeducational university to which a vain, charming, able young man has been called as president. An admirable character study, this. Victor Marston, young Icarus, has administrative, disciplinary, and ethical problems to face, but we found ourself more absorbed by the problems arising from his own ardent self-love than by the manifestations of flaming youth with which he had to cope. It isn't much of a story but it seems to us worth reading for the acerbity of some of its characterizations.

"Treadmill" is the story of a young woman who teaches in the high school of her home town—a progressive high school in a progressive town. The author, however, has been more concerned with concocting a love story than with giving one a sense of the treadmill of teaching. Miss Simpson's heroine is a thoroughly nice girl, who is kind to her stepmother and to a young woman of ill-repute. Moreover, she is a good teacher, because she has youth and enthusiasm, and knows her subject. She runs counter to the stock villains of progress—the president of the Board, who has made his money in hogs; his wife, sleek, stupid, and malicious; his wayward daughter. Then, to offset them, she meets a young professor from the University of California, who is headed for a college presidency. She



White Teeth deceive 4 *out of* 5

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Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

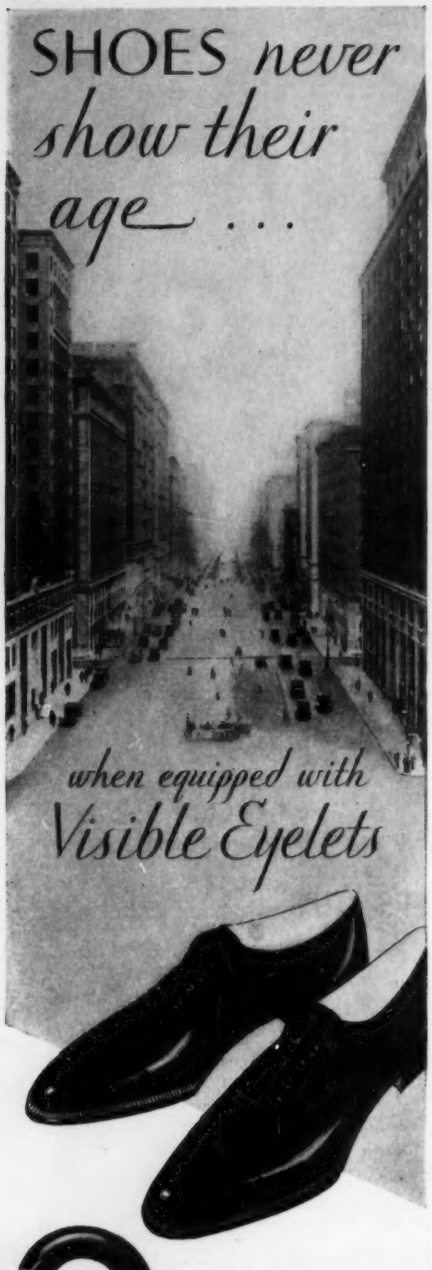
Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the perfect mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it!

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Recognized by the two diamonds

Visible Eyelets preserve the original style of the upper

SHOES should not be bought on appearances alone . . You should be more concerned about the method by which they were made. There are five principal methods employed in manufacturing the modern shoe.* The distinction between these methods lies in the process by which the sole is attached to the upper . . . The Goodyear method is the most satisfactory known, for the welt shoe has a perfectly smooth innersole.

*GOODYEAR WELT, Turn, Littleway, McKay, and Stitchdown.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

even finds the pearls she has lost. Leslie Burleson certainly plays in luck.

"Treadmill" ought to be a better book than it is. Miss Simpson has been too concerned about telling the story of Leslie, lovely and clever, to realize that her clashes with prejudice and malice are unimportant because she knows that young Lochinvar is on his way. The weakness of the book lies here. Leslie can be fired from her school, unjustly, but she has her escape all ready for her. So in reality the problem never touches her, except to give a momentary inconvenience, and a momentary drama.

SIX women married six Greene men, and Lorna Rea's "Six Mrs. Greenes" tells how they came to do it and what happened after they did. The story has an ingenious pattern. It is focused about a dinner given by one Mrs. Greene for the other five, who have little in common except the family name. One by one you meet them—old Mrs. Geoffrey, the Queen-Mother; old Mrs. Hugh, her sister-in-law; Mrs. Rodney, who was brought up with one ideal—to be a good wife and mother—and who set about being the first, at least, at as early an age as possible; and Mrs. Edwin, the victim of an ill-natured mother and her own neuroses. The contemporary generation is represented by Mrs. Geoffrey, Jr., a vivid and maladjusted artist, and by Jessica (Mrs. Hugh Beckett Greene), as gay and gallant and tender a young person as any we know.

The scheme of the book offers great opportunities for contrasts in personality and character, and Mrs. Rea has made the most of them, deftly and with clear-cut detachment. She shows you fineness and meanness, sometimes blended, sometimes opposed; the complacency of Mrs. Rodney's devouring maternity; the whining sourness of Mrs. Edwin's frustration; the delicacy of old Mrs. Hugh's feeling for her nephew and for her garden, and of old Mrs. Geoffrey's withdrawal into a lovely, fading past. There is a lilt which is irresistible to the description of Jessica Deane on the morning of her marriage to Hugh Greene. It is distilled youth, with an edge of sadness

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—just out—than for any other book of short-stories in its history!

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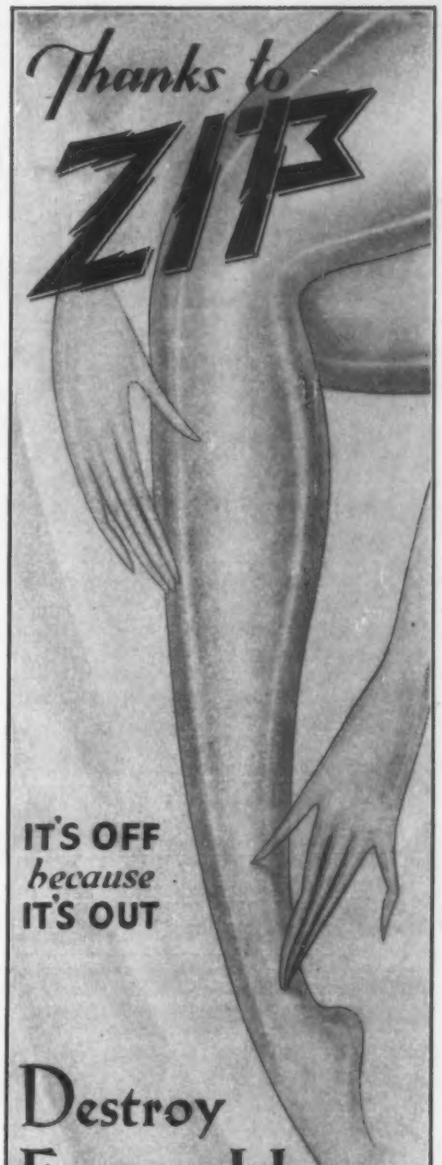
to it. The other young people did not interest us particularly, except in their relation to their mother, Mrs. Rodney, who really holds the centre of the stage. There's a woman you can spend yourself on—in admiration and in hatred.

LAST year Edith Olivier wrote "The Love-Child," a haunting story of a spinster who, in maturity, followed out a child's creation of an imaginary playmate, and gave herself a child who hovered between fantasy and reality. This year she follows it with "As Far as Jane's Grandmother's," a fable which is to be recommended for its delicate portrayal of three women, two of them shadows of the third. When Jane Langdale was a little girl, her grandmother Basildon's house was the limit of her walks. When she grew up, her grandmother's life was the limit of her life. Love, religion, work, all took second place and became incense on the matriarchal altar.

Jane's mother had eloped. That gesture apparently deprived her of all vitality. Thereafter "she lay on her sofa . . . with always some wonderful great piece of embroidery in her hands, and by her side a basket full of silks and wools of every hue. Her embroideries were noble in design, and her needlework was really beautiful, but she never finished anything. There always came a day when the work seemed to grow too heavy for the worker. It fell from her thin hands and then it was sent away to be finished by the girls in a School of Embroidery in which Margaret was interested, while a new and equally lovely piece of work took its place."

Deprived of both parents, Jane goes to live with her grandmother. She loves Julian, who wants to marry her, and who fights against her plan for an elopement, though at last it is arranged. There are half a dozen pages at this point which will fascinate psychologists. They are not the beginning of Jane's disintegration—that has started, subtly, long before, but they mark her first acknowledgment of her utter dependence upon the lovely gentlewoman who shapes the lives about her. Jane, waiting to run away with Julian, has qualms. Her mother reappears, and says: "I . . . fled with a lover, and could only live a life which was a pale shadow of the one I had left behind. The road to Romance ends in the cul-de-sac of ennui." To Jane, her mother's regrets are real, and her grandmother's power unsurmountable. —R. L. L.



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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Round Up, The Stories of Ring Lardner (*Scribner*). A selection of short stories, all of which have been published before, by an American humorist who is also a great artist.

Six Mrs. Greenes, by Lorna Rea (*Harper*). Six women marry six Greene men, and this is a fascinating account of what happened to them.

Treadmill, by Lola Jean Simpson (*Macmillan*). The disillusioning experience of a young girl who teaches in her home-town high school.

Wings of Wax, by Janet Hoyt (*Sears*). What goes on in a great coeducational university. Interesting for its portrait of a president.

As Far as Jane's Grandmother's, by Edith Olivier (*Viking Press*). Beautifully written story of Jane, whose life is limited by her grandmother. A remarkable treatment of the relations between three women.

The Three Couriers, by Compton Mackenzie (*Doubleday, Doran*). Romantic adventure story of the British Secret Service in a Balkan capital. Good fun.

The Innocent Voyage, by Richard Hughes (*Harper*). If the fantasy and magic of this story do not quicken your pulse, give up reading for pleasure. It's about pirates and children, but not in the least like "Peter Pan."

A Dish for the Gods, by Cyril Hume (*Doubleday, Doran*). Honest, well-written story of an admirable girl who got all mixed up at the start and had to go a long way to cover a short distance.

The Golden Fleece, by John Gunther (*Harper*). Chicago and the younger generation, with some high goings-on because a girl wouldn't take life second-hand. Very readable novel.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (*Houghton Mifflin*). The clash between generations, and between a mother-in-law and her daughter-in-law, deftly and sympathetically handled.

A Native Argosy, by Morley Callaghan (*Scribner*). Two novelettes, and fourteen striking short stories, dealing with the thoughts, emotions, and experiences of the slightly subnormal.

The Burning Fountain, by Eleanor Carroll Chilton (*John Day*). What happens to a normal family when it has a changeling child. Interesting study of interacting personalities.

Less recent:

The Devil Beats His Wife, by Ben Wasson. All in a Day, by Martin Armstrong. The Son of Dr. Tradusac, by Elizabeth Huntington. The Merry Heart, by Frank Swinnerton. Dynasty, by Clarence Budington Kelland. Sixty Seconds, by Maxwell Bodenheim. The Pathway, by Henry Williamson. Daughter of Earth, by Agnes Smedley. The Love Clinic, by Maurice Dekobra. Back to Stay, by Jonathan Leonard. Hobby House, by Russell Neale.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

The Black Pigeon, by Anne Austin (*Greenberg*). . . . Streaked with Crim-

SON, by Charles J. Dutton (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE KING MURDER, by Charles Reed Jones (*Dutton*). . . . THE THREE AMATEURS, by Michael Lewis (*Houghton Mifflin*). . . . THE C. V. C. MURDERS, by Kirby Williams (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE PATIENT IN ROOM 18, by M. G. Eberhart (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . THE DEATH OF THE CLAIMANT, by A. Richard Martin (*McBride*). . . . THE MAYFAIR MURDER, by Henry Holt (*Dial Press*). . . . DEATH ON THE AIR, by Herman Landon (*Liveright*). . . . THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF MARY YOUNG, by Milton M. Propper (*Harper*). . . . MURDER IN STRANGE HOUSES, by Richard Peckham (*Minton, Balch*). . . . THE PERSON CALLED "Z," by J. Jefferson Farjeon (*Dial Press*).

GENERAL

PARISH'S FANCY, by Walter Guest Kellogg (*John Day*). Full-flavored and entertaining true story of George Parish and his lady, the Contessina Ameriga Vespucci, in the dashing forties.

SWORDS AND ROSES, by Joseph Hergesheimer (*Knopf*). Another backward glance by Mr. Hergesheimer. This time at the "deep South" and some of its men and women who played parts in the Civil War. Not very good essays.

LION, by Martin Johnson (*Putnam*). Martin Johnson and his wife Osa, "who holds the gun," do another act on the African circuit.

RED TIGER, by Phillips Russell (*Brentano*). Unusual adventures in Yucatan and Mexico amusingly illustrated by Leon Underwood.

SEX IN CIVILIZATION, edited by V. F. Calverton and S. D. Schmalhausen (*Macaulay*). Havelock Ellis has written the introduction to this symposium of the views of over thirty distinguished contributors on the subject. We fear it's an important book.

MANHATTAN COCKTAIL, by Edward Hope (*Dial Press*). Entertaining miscellany of sketches about the more humorous phases of Metropolitan life.

MANHATTAN MEN, by Alfred Kreymborg (*Coward-McCann*). Songs of New York, its men, women, streets, and buildings—old and new. Humor and irony meet here.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, by Arthur D. Howden Smith (*Lippincott*). The development of the West and the rise of business in the East, and the identification of John J. Astor with both.

Less recent:

AND THEN CAME FORD, by Charles Merz. PLAIN PEOPLE, by E. W. Howe. CAGLIOSTRO, by Johannes von Guenther. THE PEDRO GORINO, by Capt. Harry Dean and Sterling North. VISCOUNT HALDANE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. UNDERTONES OF WAR, by Edmund Blunden. BITTER BIERCE, by C. Hartley Grattan. PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE, by Adolphe de Castro.

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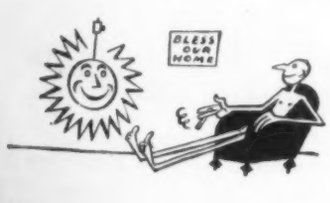
FILM STUDIOS WARY OF FOLLOWING FOX—*Headline in the Times.*

With a yoik, and a yoik holla.



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